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TRANSIT THE \$50 BILLION VOTE P.9

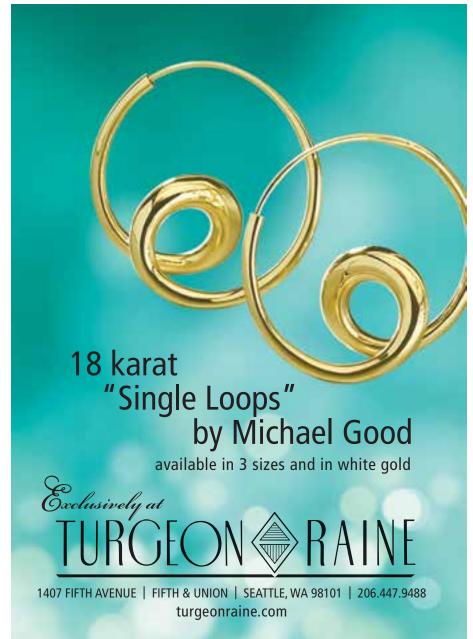
WASHINGTON VOTERS OVERWHELMINGLY EMBRACED THE STRANGER'S ENDORSEE, BERNIE SANDERS.

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COVER ART

photo by **JENNIFER RICHARD**

cupcake by Cupcake Royale



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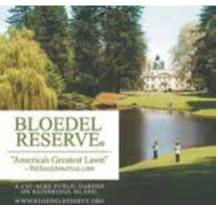
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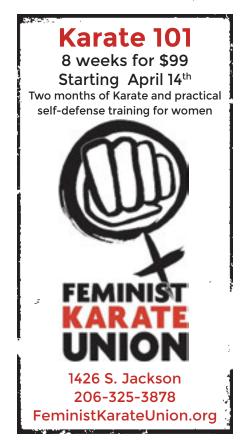
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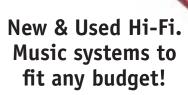




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"IT'S HIGH TIME YOU GOT ONE"

-DETAILS



GET OUT THE GOAT? As seen in Pioneer Square one day before caucus day.

A FUTURE YOU CAN BLEAT IN?

As the unimaginably long line snaked through block after block after block south of Pioneer Square on the day of the big Bernie Sanders rally at Safeco Field, the day before the Washington State Democratic caucuses, a few jokes came to mind (this'll be nothing compared to the bread lines when President Sanders takes office—that sort of thing), but the general vibe

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and quilty.



THANKYOU FOR FIRING ME

When people started telling me how great it was that I was still around after being with you for just a year, I smiled and thanked them. When I heard that most of your previous "girls" lasted barely six months at a time, I figured it was because they lacked patience—which I harvested daily while deciphering what you said into what you really meant. Nearly a decade on, I pointed out that your managerial abilities were not on par with your medical care, and that some of your actions were abusive, illegal, and therefore detrimental to your business. Such "insubordination" from a lowly receptionist was unacceptable. Part of me worries about the stress my departure will have on your patients and staff. Most of me hopes you finally get sued or shut down for unethical business practices I'm no longer around to stop. You didn't deserve my hard work. You never appreciated my gift of caring about your success. And now you're fighting me on filing unemployment. You're a callous megalomaniac with short bouts of being genuine, and no ethical acumen. I'm glad you fired me.

–Anonymous

was optimistic and enthusiastic. That is, until we saw you, with your sad little captive goat, wandering up and down the line, shouting about liberty. You are part of the reason some people can't take the Bern's chances too seriously.

CAUCUSING THE DAY AFTER THE SANDERS RALLY

You, a young Capitol Hill resident who works in health-care research, showed up to your caucus a little apprehensive about the whole process. You don't like to be a "joiner" or to "get into a group mentality," you said. But you'd spent the evening before at the Bernie Sanders rally at Safeco Field, and it had inspired you. Thatcombined with a touch of distrust of Hillary Clinton—had you leaning toward Sanders, though you still considered yourself an undecided voter. Town Hall Seattle, your caucus site, had filled way beyond capacity, so you followed the other members of your precinct outside to the parking lot where they were caucusing: Sanders supporters to one side, Clinton supporters to the other, instructed the person in charge (who was wearing a foam cutout of the United States on her head). You joined a few other undecided voters in the middle and listened as the two sides volleved arguments at each other over your head. By the end, you were the only person still left in the middle, looking back and forth between the two sides. "The one thing we haven't really talked about is health care," you said, and the two sides went at it again. In the end, you went with Sanders, as you figured you probably would.

CAUCUSING FOR CLINTON AT GARFIELD

You arrived at a packed Garfield Community Center with your 6-year-old in tow on Saturday, and waited half an hour for caucusing to begin. Organizers had temporarily run out of forms. You, one of the few people of color amid a sea of white faces at Garfield, had come to caucus for Hillary. You liked Bernie, but you were skeptical about how much he'd be able to get done if he were actually elected to office. After all, you were living in Chicago in 2008 when Obama won. "I was very much involved in the whole idea of the hope that he represented, the optimism that he represented, the evenhanded collegiality he represented, and had a real hope that he would be able to work with his colleagues in Washington to make some substantive changes," you said. "But after almost eight years of subtle and not-

ASK THE SADDEST TREE IN SEATTLE!

Advice from the Potted Pine in Front of Linda's Tavern

Like a lot of Seattleites, I've been feeling the Bern pretty hard for several months, and the rally at Safeco Field last weekend really cemented my belief in what Senator Sanders is all about. Still, I worry about when Trump and his thugs pull out their big guns and really start going after the guy. Do I vote my conscience or hedge my bets?

Stalking Horse Whisperer

Oh, speaking of Bern: Before I answer your question, I'd like to begin by assuring you and everyone that I AM NOT A FUCKING ASHTRAY! I'm a TREE! A sad tree, yes, but a tree. That means I'm alive, you know? How would you like it if I just ditched my smoldering Camel Turkish Royal in the gap between your foot and your shoe, you fucking hipster garbage? Now then, sorry, what was the question? Oh, Bernie Sanders? Yeah, let's talk about it after the convention.



I have the weirdest thing where my foot has been falling asleep at random times, like even when I'm walking around or playing ultimate in Cal Anderson. I'm freaked by doctors, but this sounds like it could be Charcot-Marie-Tooth, no?

> Nervously, Needles & Pins

Not to change the subject, but all this talk about feet falling asleep reminds me of a question I've been meaning to ask the community: Do you suppose you could find something else to fall into and knock over when you're stumbling into or out of this tavern of an evening? And you wonder why I look so bust-ass. Maybe you'd think twice if I were a stinging nettle bush or a bed of roses, right? But apparently I need a fucking Lorax to stand in front of me to get a little respect from you overprivileged fake hippie motherfuckers. Now then, your letter: I don't even know what Charcot-Marie-Tooth is, man. Sounds like you should see a doctor. Duh.

> Do you have a question for the Saddest Tree in Seattle? Write to sadtree@thestranger.com.

so-subtle racist behavior, microaggressions and macroaggressions, disrespect, and plain old obstructionism, my hopes were very, sort of, blunted for any real progress that could be made." Now, if Obama, a constitutional law scholar and a fan of consensus building, couldn't make progress, how the hell was Bernie, a socialist, supposed to do it? Hillary, on the other hand, you weren't worried about: "One of the things she can do, and what she shows she can do, is perform the elements of masculinity that get her respect.'

CAUCUSING FOR SANDERS WHILE STANDING ON A CHAIR

We saw you at the Democratic caucuses at Miller Community Center, wearing a Bernie Sanders beanie and holding a Bernie Sanders placard. When the time came, you stood on a chair and told our caucus group that as a millennial you felt compelled to caucus for Bernie because "my generation is being handed a pile of shit." No matter what anyone thought of your caucus pick, no one could disagree with your concise description of what your generation is being handed.

SANDERS LOCKS UP THE PANDHAN-**DLER VOTE**

'We're definitely feeling the Bern," said one of two panhandlers sitting outside of the Comet, looking at the hour-long line to get into Century Ballroom on caucus day.

POPULISTS VIBES AND PANTSUITS

You were sitting alone in the center of a precinct split 5 to 1 in favor of Bernie Sanders. Early afternoon sun filtered through the stained glass and bounced off your blue blazer, warming its sharp shoulder pads, revealing tiny frayed threads like fine fur all over it. You were the sole undecided caucus-goer in this group. Considering the pantsuit, it seemed like you'd surely be in the tank for Hillary. But the light, in concert with the populist vibes of caucusing, revealed your blazer's secret Bernie-like qualities. You could go either way. When the Bernie supporters and the Hillary supporters traded off speaking for their candidate, you quickly grabbed the pen to write down your candidate of choice. Why? You said, "Hillary seems more willing to compromise. Bernie and his supporters don't."

OUR NEIGHBORS TO THE NORTH

As the acting precinct captain in the International District did a second count to make sure the numbers were correctly tallied (17 to 5 for Sanders, BTW), you and your adolescent son sidled up to our table. "Do you live in this precinct?" someone asked you. "No," you replied, "we're just here to observe." A beat followed. "We're from Canada." Everyone cooed and smiled. And blushed a little. You just had to see how backward our process is, even at its best, eh? ■

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Build It

Here's the Plan for How We Dramatically Expand Light Rail Over the Next 30 Years

BY HEIDI GROOVER

he city threw itself a party on Saturday, March 19, the day Seattle's newest light rail stations opened.

There were street fairs on the surface—at the new Capitol Hill and University of Washington light rail stations—and what felt like an amusement-park ride underground. Crowds stood anxiously in line on Capitol Hill, funneled down full escalators, and packed themselves into trains. Wide-eyed toddlers—kids who will never know their city without mass transit—watched tunnel walls whoosh past outside the train windows. "We're here!" one excited mom told her kids when the train pulled into University of Washington Station.

The message of opening day—build rail and Seattleites will ride it—is borne out in

All of the projects in Sound Transit 3 would expand rail to 108 miles total, about the same size as San Francisco's BART system.

ridership numbers. At this time last month, about 35,000 people were using light rail on a normal weekday. The Monday after the new stations opened, the first regular workday, the number jumped to 47,000 people. On Tuesday, to 57,000.

According to Sound Transit, the agency that builds light rail, new rail lines to Ballard, West Seattle, and Seattle's suburbs could attract 525,000 riders every weekday. A line between downtown and Ballard would attract as many as 133,000 people a day. It would be revolutionary.

But new lines will be built only if voters approve a new light rail tax package. Advocates and elected leaders are hoping that will happen this fall. Sound Transit's board recently released its plan for that tax package, known as Sound Transit 3. The plan is still in draft form, and a final board vote is expected in June. Here's what you need to know:

IT'S GOING TO COST A LOT

Fifty billion dollars. Some of that money will come from existing taxes, some from new taxes, and some from the Feds.

Since its creation in the 1990s, Sound Transit has been going to voters to fund each new phase of light rail construction. This time, they're going big. Over the course of the next 25 years, Sound Transit proposes collecting \$27.6 billion in new property taxes, sales taxes, and motor vehicle excise taxes (sometimes called car-tab taxes). That would be combined with existing taxes, bonds, and expected federal money for the \$50 billion total. The various new taxes would shake out on average to about \$400 more per year over the next 25 years for the average household in the region, according to Sound Transit.

Passing the package, the largest in Sound Transit's history, will be a fight—and it could get ugly. The measure will come before voters a year after a nearly \$1 billion city transportation levy drew criticism for being too expensive and just a few months after an August vote on a housing levy that will be double the size of the last housing levy. In an editorial accompanied by an illustration of a light rail train running on a track made of dollar signs,

the Seattle Times editorial board is already calling ST3 a "breathtaking investment."

But the payoff for going big would be dramatic.

IT'S GOING TO DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF LIGHT RAIL IN PUGET SOUND

Today, Sound Transit operates about 19 miles of light rail. When the projects already

funded and under way are done, that'll grow to around 50 miles. All of the projects in Sound Transit 3 would expand that to 108 miles total, about the same size as San Francisco's BART system.

The agency is currently in the process of planning and building light rail north to Shoreline and Lynnwood, east to Bellevue, and south to Angle Lake. ST3 would extend some of those lines, taking rail farther ▶

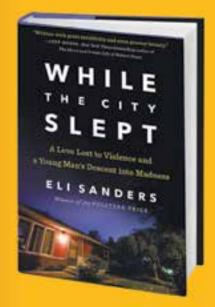


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NEW STATIONS If you build it, they will ride.

■ north to Everett, farther east to Redmond and Issaquah, and farther south to Tacoma. Within Seattle, the plan would build two new lines to Ballard and West Seattle, and would add a station on the existing line at Graham Street in South Seattle. The package would start planning work on lines between Ballard and the University of Washington and from West Seattle to Burien, but wouldn't fund full construction of those lines. Voters would have to approve the construction at some point in the future.

THAT'S A LOT OF STUFF FOR THE SUBURBS

While Ballard and West Seattle are two of Seattle's transportation choke points, this plan is decidedly suburban. There are a few reasons for this. Most importantly, the entire region votes on the taxes that fund the rail built by Sound Transit and pays those taxes, so the agency has a policy of funding projects across the region at a scale that's roughly equal to how much money each part of the region is paying into the system. This is both a matter of agency policy and a political calculation to get the suburbs to vote yes on transit packages.

Additionally, Seattle has gotten most of the light rail that's already been built, even though the whole region has been paying for it. In the suburbs, "there's a feeling of it's our turn," says Shefali Ranganathan, director of Transportation Choices Coalition, the advocacy group that will run the campaign for ST3. With people already being pushed into outlying areas because of Seattle's rising rents and the suburbs expected to experience significant growth, all of this rail to the burbs will meet a serious need—just not a Seattle-centric need. (Seattle had a chance to build its own rail system within the city. RIP, monorail)

IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LONG TIME

The timelines of ST3 are maddening—even for voters normally happy to shell out for rail.

While the agency will continue building projects already under way, the first ST3 rail project wouldn't be done until 2028. Rail wouldn't open in West Seattle until 2033 and in Ballard until 2038. The new station at Graham Street would come online in 2036. (That's 17 years between the recent opening of a station on Capitol Hill and the expected opening of a station at the West Seattle Junction.) Thirteen years passed between voter approval of the first Sound Transit tax measure and the opening of the line between downtown and the airport. Another seven years passed between the start of that line and the new stations in Capitol Hill and at University of Washington.

Seattle mayor Ed Murray, a member of the board that drew up the ST3 plan, said "The timelines give me pause." Transit advocates took to Twitter to complain that light rail wouldn't serve some of Seattle's fastest growing neighborhoods until their kids or grandkids are adults.

According to Sound Transit, those timelines are due to both financing constrictions and construction challenges. The most basic limitation: It takes a while to collect enough taxes to pay for such expensive construction. The agency also faces complex limits on how much it can bond or borrow at once. Construction, too, is complicated. According to Sound Transit's estimates, planning and designing routes and studying possible environmental effects can take as long as 12 years per line. Construction can take another five years or more. The agency then spends another six months to a year testing the new routes before opening them. This whole process will be especially complicated, the agency says, for the route to Ballard, which will snake through a new downtown tunnel and stop at Denny Way, South Lake Union, Lower Queen Anne, Smith Cove, and Interbay before reaching Ballard. Building under downtown, through an already built-out environment, and over the ship canal will add time and cost to the project. Few rail projects can be done more quickly than 15 years, and Sound Transit is saying Ballard will take 22.

Transit advocates are calling for shortening these timelines—e-mail your thoughts to emailtheboard@soundtransit.org—but significant change is unlikely.

'We have no easy sound bite for the public," TCC's Ranganathan says. "At the end of day, we're not going to shrink that timeline by 10 years. It would be impossible to do that unless we actually had the cash... It's just a function of how the revenue comes in."

STILL, THIS MUST HAPPEN

Make no mistake: ST3 is not enough. Seattle's choked streets and lack of transit make up an environmental and equity crisis. This region is pathetically behind in developing the kind of mass transit other cities have relied on for years—the kind of transit that makes it easier for people to live without cars, the kind of transit that makes it easier for poor and working-class people to live in a region where housing costs are high. But we are here because previous generations failed to act. Growth and displacement will continue. Sound Transit's design of this package, and our eventual vote, will determine how prepared we are to respond.

'If you think traffic is bad now, think about this: Over the next 25 years, a million more people will join us in this region," county executive and Sound Transit Board chair Dow Constantine said in his state of the county speech on March 28. "Growth is not a problem. Failing to get out in front of that growth

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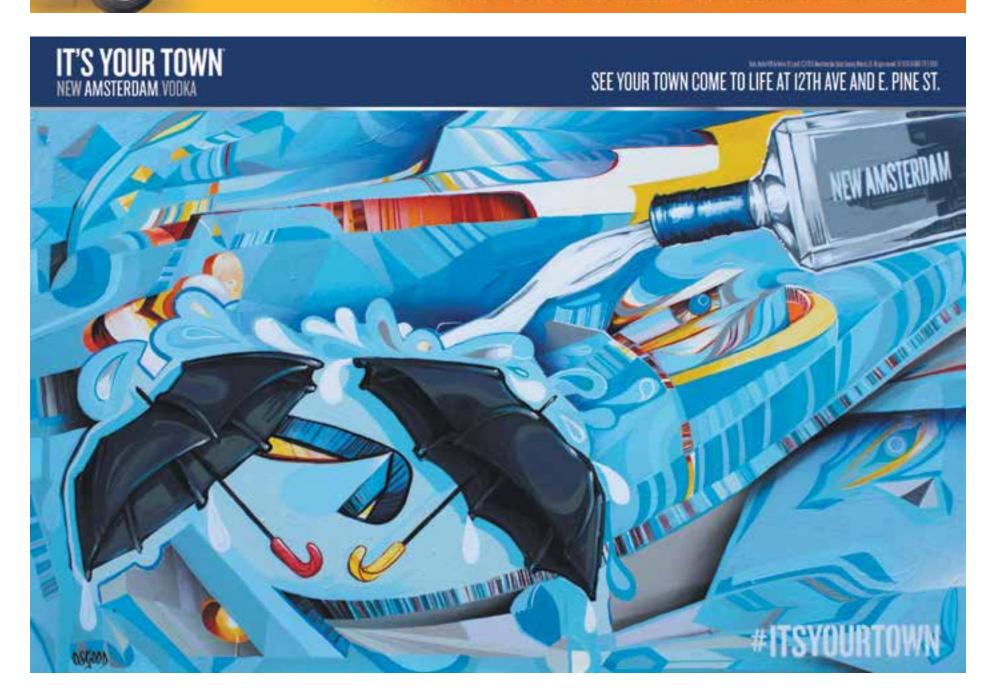
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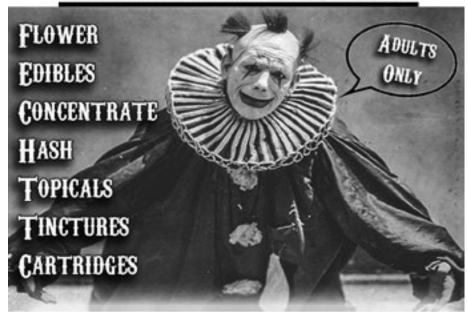
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Medical Marijuana Patients Worry That the State's New Pot Authorization Form Is an Overshare

BY TOBIAS COUGHLIN-BOGUE

ashington's first official statesanctioned medical marijuana authorization form isn't sitting well with many medical marijuana patients. At issue is the inclusion of a section requiring patients to list their qualifying condition, something almost universally absent from the ad hoc forms used previously in the unregulated medical marijuana system.

Kristi Weeks, the Department of Health's legal services director, believes that the state could put the data collected on the form to good use, juxtaposing it with data on opioid painkiller use to spot trends, among other worthwhile projects. Patients don't see it that way.

"There's no way in the world I'm walking into one of these recreational stores and ${\bf r}$

showing it," said Amy Casca, a medical marijuana patient who treats her PTSD with pot. She said that since the form was adopted last July, she's had awkward interactions with budtenders, who have asked her overly personal questions about her diagnosis.

"She didn't mean bad," said Casca of one curious budtender, "but there it is. It's just insane that the state would be doing this."

Other patients have had similar experiences. Stephen Damgaard, a medical marijuana patient who has been HIV-positive for 28 years, said the standardized form has led to similarly awkward experiences.

"With some people, because of their obvious ignorance on the issue, it's absolutely uncomfortable," he said. "You don't necessarily want to have to be the educator for them. And in many cases, you're astounded by the person's ignorance on the issue. I have had people see that I'm HIV-positive and go put gloves on."

He described one experience that was particularly troubling. Last summer, he was visiting Lake Chelan and went to a new dispensary with his authorization form. "The girl turned around and hollered across the room asking what the best stuff for HIV was," he said incredulously. "I'd asked for pain. I didn't run screaming and hide under a rock or anything, but it just... it makes you take a deep breath. You're still faced with that in this day and age. That wouldn't happen if that wasn't on the form that they're reading."

Weeks said that interactions like these are precisely why it was urgent that the unregulated medical marijuana system be brought under the watchful eye of the state. The new system, whereby medical marijuana patients will get their weed from recreational stores that carry a special medical marijuana

endorsement, comes online this July.

The new system requires these stores to have at least one budtender on staff at all times who is certified by the DOH as a "medical marijuana consultant." That consultant will receive at minimum two hours of education on ethics and patient privacy as part of their coursework.

Weeks also noted that patients will only be required to show their authorization form annually, when they first sign up for the state's patient registry and again upon renewal. Once on the registry, they will receive a "patient recognition card" that does not list their condition. The store is not allowed to keep a copy of the authorization form, she said, which many dispensaries used to do to cover their asses.

Any violation of patient privacy by the consultant or any of the other employees would mean, at minimum, a loss of certification by the consultant, according to Weeks. It could also constitute a class C felony and draw punitive action against the store from the Washington State Liquor and Cannabis Board.

"I'm not sure that people would ever feel really comfortable," she said, "but we have some strong

safeguards in place."

She's right about folks not feeling comfortable: Safeguards aside, patients still ain't tryna hear it. At some level, they say, it's not about privacy measures but about principle.

"I have a problem walking into a 502 store and handing them a piece of paper that tells them what I have," said Kirk Ludden, another HIV-positive medical marijuana patient. "I have no issue sharing it with people I know and sharing my story. That's my choice to share or not to share. I should not be made to share it."

If patients are really squicked out by the form, said Weeks, they can always opt out, though their benefits as a patient will be severely limited.

"It's voluntary," she noted. Many patients have vowed to do just that, but Weeks said the DOH won't consider changing the form until there's actually an enrollment issue.

"If we put together a registry and nobody signs up for it, then yeah," she said, "we're going to have to look at the problem and what are some potential solutions."

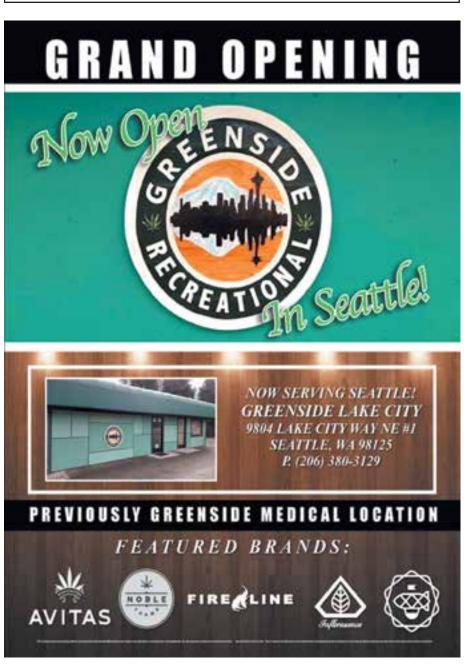
Chris Bornstedt, another patient, said he still couldn't understand why medical marijuana users were required to list their condition when people prescribed OxyContin aren't.

"It shouldn't be any different than any other medication," he said, exasperated. "It just shouldn't." \blacksquare











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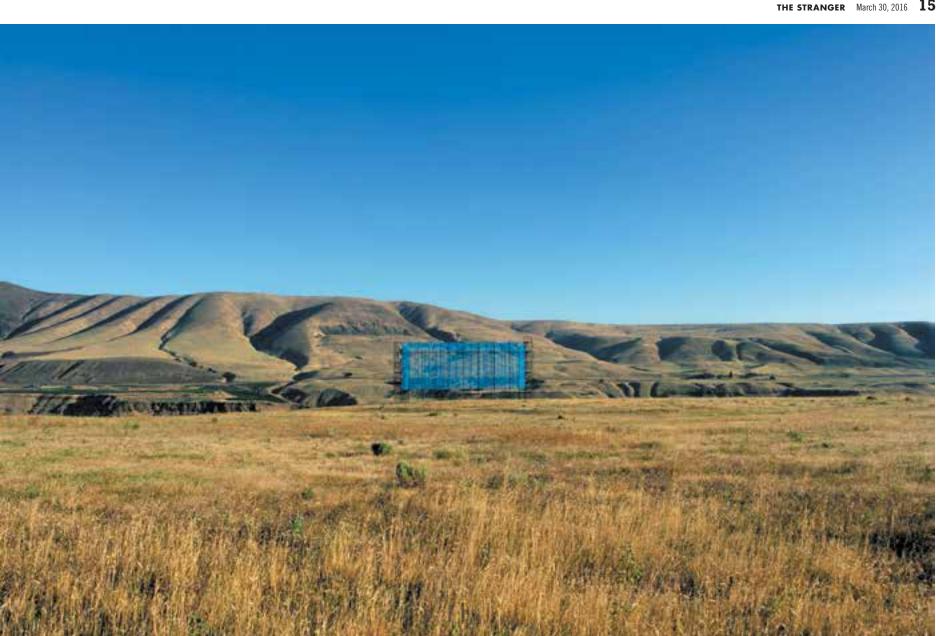
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LEAD PENCIL STUDIO'S 'MARYHILL DOUBLE' This full-scale double of the Maryhill Museum of Art on open grassland across the Columbia River gorge from the museum was a Creative Capital Award project, and it led to more prizes and prestige for Lead Pencil Studio.

How Creative Capital Replaced the NEA and Taught Artists to Be Ambitious

by Jen Graves

ast week, in an attempt to contact the ■ Bellingham artist Christian Vargas about winning a 2016 Creative Capital Award, I googled him, left a congratulatory voice mail, and shortly got a phone call back.

"I'm not the right Christian Vargas," said this Christian Vargas. "I wish I was!... That award—it's life-changing, from what I hear."

This Vargas #2 happens to also be an artist. Along with the rest of his graduate school class in Tennessee, he's all but got the Creative Capital application pulled up in his browser waiting for the day after he graduates.

Creative Capital is such a big deal in the world of art that it even affects the lives of artists who don't get it.

This grant-making organization, based in New York but serving artists nationally, was created in 1999 to counter the economic loss to artists when the National Endowment for the Arts killed the majority of its individual artist grants.

But Creative Capital is also a repudiation of the entire Reagan-era anti-social-services doctrine, and the condescending criticism in the 1990s from the Jesse Helms faction, who made the recipients of NEA grants sound like disgusting, freeloading children.

Creative Capital is a twofold initiative, then. It locates talented, deserving artists to support, and it recognizes that support consists of more than just money. The "more than" includes what can be thought of as ambition instruction, or giving artists the tools to think of themselves as something other than hopeless losers with a knack for making things—you know, full-fledged, contributing adults in a culture that regularly infantilizes those not wearing suits and making six figures.

And in Seattle, where money, attention, and the permission to be ambitious have always been scarce or viewed with skepticism, Creative Capital has made even bigger waves.

Case in point: "It wasn't just a major turning point in my artistic life to get that call," Paul Rucker, Creative Capital Class of 2012, told me. "It was a major turning point in my life."

Creative Capital has a solidly 21st-century philosophy based on balance, sustainability, validation, and customization. It's a school of funding-thinking, like a movement: Creative Capitalism.

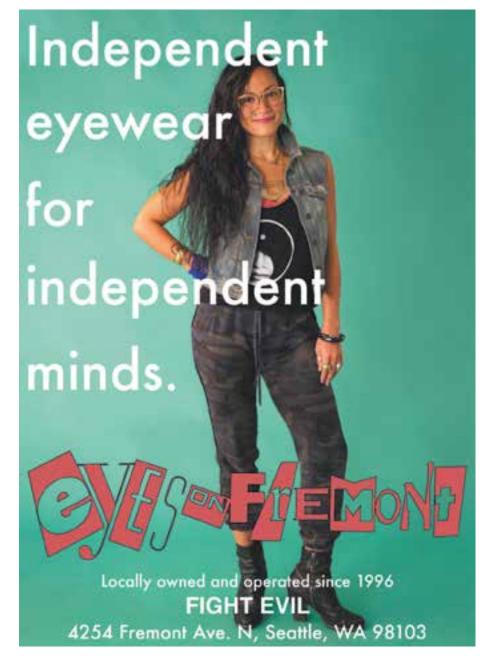
One of its founders, Lewis Hyde (still a board member), is author of the 1983 book The Gift: Creativity and the Artist in the Modern World. Hyde wrote about art's double existence as gift and commodity, and about navigating the reality of market domination.

The president and chairman of the Andy Warhol Foundation were looking for new funding models and stepped into the audience at a talk given by Hyde one day in 1996. They approached him all fired up afterward, and together the three formed Creative Capital in 1999, with indefatigable founding director Ruby Lerner, as a practical response to the problems raised in the book.

Creative Capital supports artists for at least three years. It asks them to budget fair value for their own time. In return, grantees "agree to share a small percentage of any net profits generated by their profits with Creative Capital, which then applies those funds toward new grants," Hyde explained, in his afterword to the 25th anniversary edition of The Gift.

"Potential profitability is not a criterion for funding awards at Creative Capital: as with other arts funders, we ask our panels to look for originality, risk-taking, mastery, and so forth; we respond especially to projects that transcend traditional disciplinary boundaries. That said, the principle of sharing the wealth is essential to the Creative Capital model. ▶







◀It makes explicit the assumption that all who have succeeded as artists are indebted to those who came before."

Creative Capital has not yet, Hyde added, found its A ${\it Chorus\, Line}$ —the hit musical that for years funded lesser-known works in another unusual funding ecosystem, the Public Theater in New York. Instead, today Creative Capital has a few large funders and hundreds of smaller ones.

Over the last 16 years, the organization has spent \$40 million in cash and support for 511 projects representing 642 artists in visual arts, performing arts, writing, film/video, and emerging fields. Each project is funded up to \$50,000. (I have a little experience with Creative Capital myself, though not with the large Creative Capital Awards given to artists. In 2009, I won a onetime Creative Capital/Andy Warhol Foundation Arts Writers Grant of \$5,000 to write about land art in the Northwest. People I met through the grant still help me contextualize what I write about, and how.) Of those, 22 were Seattle-area artists including Rucker, Lead Pencil Studio, SuttonBeresCuller, Susan Robb, Trimpin, Degenerate Art Ensemble, Byron Au Yong, Ahamefule J. Oluo, and Christian Vargas, To them, Creative Capital is union, friend, support group, financier, professor, confessor,

"They want you to start 401(k)s, they want you to be a normal functioning person in society," said Annie Han, a member of the duo Lead Pencil Studio, Creative Capital Class of 2005.

When artists, upon winning, first attend the now-legendary Creative Capital retreat outside of New York, they meet their cohorts as well as up to 200 curators, writers, gallerists, and other arts organizers. "You can't hear yourself think because they're all talking so much," said Sean Elwood, Creative Capital director of programs and initiatives and a former Seattle arts administrator. "It's as though they've met their tribe."

THE "POOR ARTIST MENTALITY"

One of Paul Rucker's ambitions is to become what Creative Capital calls a payback artist. Those are grantees who pay back all of their

"Every single dime they've given me, I want to give it right back to them," he said.

When I first met Rucker, he was a cellist displaying his first-ever experiment with visual art in a dark room at the top of some creaky stairs in Belltown. A video of him playing the cello could be controlled by passing a hand across a theremin-like box; you could play him playing. It was 2007, and he was not sure he was an artist at all.

Today, Rucker lives part-time in Seattle, part-time in Baltimore. Last year, he had a solo show at the Baltimore Museum of Art, won Baltimore's most prestigious art award, for \$25,000, won a $$25,\!000$ grant from the Joan Mitchell Foundation, and finished the second year in an artist residency that was supposed to last only a year but was extended for him. Since winning the Creative Capital Award, he's become represented by Catherine Clark Gallery in San Francisco, he's been awarded public and private commissions in Seattle, Baltimore, and Cincinnati, and in April alone he has paid speaking engagements in five different cities.

Those are the quantifiable wins, yet they aren't what Rucker talks about when I ask about Creative Capital. He talks about the retreats. The presentations he learned to give. The mentorships, the five-year-plan workbook, the habit of thinking bigger. A mentor told him to price his work as high as he possibly could without laughing. He found that it was actually practical advice.

Rucker compares Creative Capital to a 12step program, curing him of the "poor artist mentality," or the belief that he didn't deserve to be paid for his work.



PAUL RUCKER'S 'REWIND' AT BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART The artist makes sculptures, installations, and animations around issues of racism, mass incarceration, police killings, and slavery.

About a month after Rucker's first big exhibition in Baltimore, Freddie Gray, a 25-year-old Black man, died in police custody and Baltimore, like Ferguson and New York before it, exploded in protest. Rucker makes sculptures, installations, and animations around issues of racism, mass incarceration, police killings, and slavery. His second big exhibition in Baltimore, at the Baltimore Museum of Art, happened after Freddie Gray's death. The coincidence was terrible, and Rucker said he'd prefer to be put out of the business of making art about racist violence but those Baltimore exhibitions, coming just at the right time, drew attention from writers locally and nationally and meant something to a struggling city and nation.

"There were people who'd lived in Baltimore all their lives who'd never been to the art museum who came," Rucker said, explaining, "I'm talking about people of color."

If Rucker's career were a tree, he said just about every branch would lead back to Creative Capital. His new public sculptures marking a trail of historical slave merchants in Baltimore, for instance. His work creating an art program for the Central Station building project in the Central District in Seattle.

His ambition now is to open two small facilities with storefronts in Seattle and Baltimore to manufacture and distribute a food sauce he's concocted. It sounds a little wacky, until you remember that he's dreaming as big as he can without laughing—and also that he plans for his facilities to be job providers for former prison inmates, following right along with the work he's been doing in sculpture and installation.

"YOU CAN PUSH BACK?"

Annie Han and Daniel Mihalyo, or Lead Pencil Studio, sav they weren't ready for their Creative Capital Award when it came in 2005. They were too green.

Still, they parlayed it beautifully.

For their Creative Capital Award project,

Maryhill Double, the artists built a full-scale double of the actual Maryhill Museum of Art using blue netting on a stretch of open grassland across the Columbia River gorge from the museum. Their ghost of the museum—itself a ghostly, remote historical landmark—stood for a summer across from the museum, gleaming aquamarine in the sun and collapsing the scale of the imposing, mostly uninhabited landscape. The pilgrimage to Maryhill Double became part of the lineage of American land art.

"I can say with confidence that we got the Rome Prize based on Maryhill Double," Mihalyo said. The Rome Prize meant a year with artists from around the world at the American Academy in Rome, followed by invitations for some $10\,\mathrm{museum}$ and gallery shows and $20\,$ lectures, and the invites keep coming.

Creative Capital provided a lawyer for Lead Pencil Studio last year when they were faced with a 35-page contract they didn't understand on a complex art project. The pro bono attorney rewrote the contract and sent it back, which was not only a help but a lesson: "We were like, you can push back on this?" Mihalyo said. "A lot of artists don't push back, just say yes, and then have to deal with it later," Han said.

After the Rome Prize, Lead Pencil Studio, who are architects as well as artists, stopped advertising noncreative architecture work and focused entirely on art and art-related architecture. Maryhill Double still comes up. "We just got an architecture project, and the client said, 'I hired you based on the Maryhill Double project," Han said. She told him, "You're crazy." He said, "Yeah, I am kind of crazy."

The Creative Capital Award hasn't landed any Seattle artists in the Whitney Biennial or a blue-chip gallery. But Lead Pencil Studio's ambitions have changed since their 20s. and now Han's ideal situation is to make art strictly in venues where "it's uncompromised all the way through." Mihalyo adds that he wants "people working together to push ▶

A mentor told Paul Rucker to price his work as high as he possibly could without laughing. He found that it was actually practical advice.

◆themselves and the culture forward." Lead Pencil also give back to Seattle. They were responsible for connecting Creative Capital artists Sabrina Raaf, Claudia X. Valdes, Liz Cohen, Kerry Skarbakka, Jennie C. Jones, Olga Koumoundouros, and SimpArch to Seattle audiences through shows at Lawrimore Project and Open Satellite. Both venues are now closed, but all the artists are still active.

Han sees Creative Capital from the inside, because she joined its board of directors in 2014. Each board member "absolutely has to love the artists and love the art—odd, weird, or controversial, you just have to completely support the artists, there's no compromise." Lerner announced last year that she's stepping down, so the board is now searching for her successor.

FROM ARTISTS TO LANDLORDS

Before the artist trio of John Sutton, Ben Beres, and Zac Culler—SuttonBeresCuller won their Creative Capital Award, they'd showed major promise in Seattle.

They came together in 2000 as students at Cornish College of the Arts, and by 2005, they had a King County public art commission. They built an elaborate, fully functional diorama of a suburban living room placed on a trailer, and then parked it in various suburban neighborhoods and interacted with the people who lived there.

The piece was called *There Goes the Neighborhood*, and it was funny, simple, and a big idea about art's place among various American subcultures. They quickly became local heroes.

Every year, some 3,500 artists or artist teams apply to Creative Capital, but only around 40 will win.

SuttonBeresCuller won on the third try, in 2008. Their proposal was to create *Mini Mart City Park*, a temporary installation in a defunct gas station or convenience store. They'd landscape the interior, cut a hole in the roof, and call it a city park for a while. It would be open maybe six months.

At the retreat, Beres said, "you go over an elevator pitch and a website, and you meet so many people. Amazing people. The first woman I sat down with was Laura Poitras, who made [the 2014 Edward Snowden documentary] Citizenfour. Eve Sussman [filmmaker and 2004 Whitney Biennial artist] was in our group."

Very quickly, Mini Mart City Park ballooned. Another Creative Capital artist suggested the piece should be permanent. SBC came back to Seattle, found a decommissioned gas station, and dreamt of creating a lasting land artwork. They planned to turn the abandoned site across the street from Boeing into a small arts center sitting under a false little hill that people could climb to sit on a pocket park on top. The idea referenced Boeing, which during World War II built false neighborhoods on top of its factories to fool enemy planes flying overhead, so the piece would memorialize local history as well as reclaim the polluted site.

But things are not going to work out that way.

Instead, SBC has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars working with government agencies that have come out with trucks and hoses and chemicals to test the building and land—for *eight years*.

In order to transform the place, they had to buy it, which entailed forming a nonprofit organization. Recently, they won a \$200,000 facilities grant from 4Culture, part of a one-time pot of money devoted to New Cultural Destinations. They money is slated to help them go forward with plans to tear down the gas station and build a small, multiuse community center that seals and treats the pollution in the soil through a microdigester system. It's a more modest, less artful idea. (And they still need to raise almost as much



SAM JAVANROUH

SUTTONBERESCULLER'S 'BIG TOP GRAND STAND' This transitory sculpture appeared for one night only in Toronto.

money again to complete it.) They hope to show art and host events there for a year or two until they can pass it to another local entity they hope will do the same.

At this point, the big idea that won them the Creative Capital Award has made them landlords and project managers more than artists. You could say that this is a shame, but it also could be a reflection of the larger ethic of giving back espoused by Creative Capital. Most of SBC's early projects included a prankster element, but this one demonstrates what the artists do when they are faced with the real-world conditions of an actually toxic

in Massachusetts, GUSFORD gallery in Los Angeles, with the City of Toronto, and in Oklahoma City, Louisville, Kentucky, and Shenzhen, China. They're headed to Serbia soon, and a residency at Pilchuck Glass School in Stanwood this summer. (In Seattle they show at Greg Kucera Gallery.)

The Frye Art Museum recently invited SuttonBeresCuller to make a work of art representing what it felt like to be an artist in Seattle now. They made You Always Leave Me Wanting More, a series of large, bright-red casino-style signs in the shape of arrows with flashing lights on them. Each arrow

pay the overages themselves.

For instance, now the artists are working on a gateway sculpture to mark Capitol Hill as an arts district of Seattle the way the International District is marked by the Chinatown arch. They've been given a budget of \$70,000. What they're proposing would cost more like \$150,000. Yet they're reluctant to scale down too much. "We live here. Our history is up here. The goal is not to lose money, but we're not going to make much money," Culler said.

Culler and Beres both rent apartments on Capitol Hill, and have for 20 years. Given its gentrification, "at any moment, the rug is going to be pulled out from beneath us," and they'll have to move, Culler said. "I think it's gonna happen right after we make the gateway. That would be the ultimate irony."

Culler says a life goal for him is to show at the museum that's around the corner from where he grew up: the Mattress Factory in Pittsburgh. He's happy not to have to work construction anymore and to do art full time, "and I remind myself to be thankful for that, but it's hard at the same time when I'm still drowning in debt."

The three artists remember well the day they won the Creative Capital Award. It was sunny. They were in Miami. Culler took the phone call, and then they all started hugging and jumping up and down.

"We were like, 'We made it!" Beres laughed, and the other two joined him.

These three artists have been together for 16 years, longer than most bands and many marriages. Even when things didn't work out as planned, they've had the support of Creative Capital for fully half that time. Without it, who knows what would have come. Today, they may not be making money. They may be saddled with debt and even facing displacement. But if the Capitol Hill gateway is the last thing they make—and I don't believe it will be—there is still more SuttonBeres-Culler art in the world, period, because of Creative Capital. ■

Creative Capital has a solidly
21st-century philosophy based on balance,
sustainability, validation, and customization.
It's a school of funding-thinking, like a movement:

piece of land. They've worked with architects, Georgetown Community Council, King County Brownfields, the Environmental Coalition of South Seattle; at one point, they even found themselves giving a talk about redevelopment of contaminated lands to the national conference on brownfields. They have already lost a great deal of money and even more time. What they haven't done is decide that if the art can't be the way they want it, they will give up and walk away.

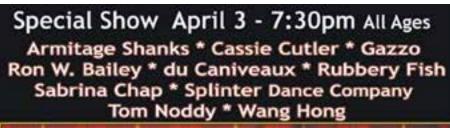
Creative Capitalism.

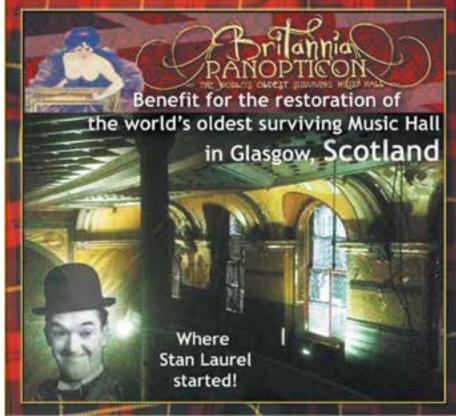
Meanwhile, their Creative Capital education and connections have earned them residencies and exhibitions at MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire, MASS MoCA

looked as though it broke the museum's floor where it burst through. While the arrows all pointed upward in a monument that both satirized and embodied unchecked aspirations, the arrows all also pointed slightly different directions, like the artists themselves.

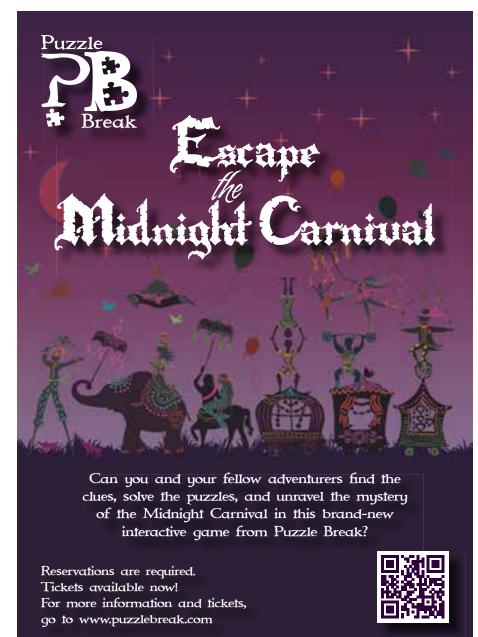
Beres: "I would love to show at the Tate. At the Guggenheim. I still have those goals."

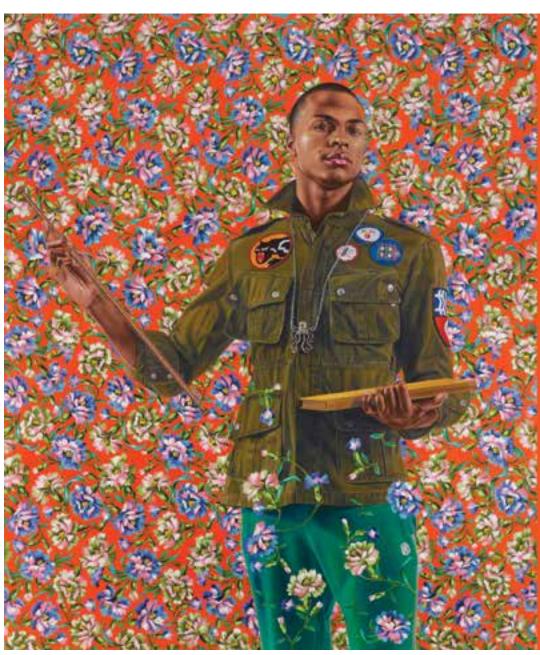
Sutton: "The institutions are less important to me than the relationships and trust. I would love them to say, 'We love what you do, we want you to create something new for us.' We work so much on a proposal basis"—and they often want to do projects that exceed the provided budgets, which means they often













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An Open Letter to the Washington State Cannabis Community

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We're dedicated to preventing any contaminated cannabis from putting any consumer in harm's way, and we wanted to take the time to tell you that Steep Hill is actively perfecting our expertise, while working with the best partners in the business, to keep you safe. For more information on this topic and ways to help impact change, please visit landing steephill,com/washington-safety.

In safety and health,

30° March 2016





NO SAFEWORD The weekly podcast is recorded by a group of men every Sunday in a dungeon studio.

Talking Dirty with the Seattle Kinksters Who Are Making Taboo Topics Trendy

Meet the guys behind the No Safeword podcast, the guys behind the YouTube channel Watts the Safeword, and the woman behind the Center for Sex Positive Culture.

BY MATT BAUME

ichael and I sat in the kitchen of a suburban split-level home, eating tacos and making small talk about the weather, his drive over from Spokane, and how he was about to be stripped naked and tied to a torture device in the basement.

"It's my first exposure to the scene," he said as men in collars and cuffs scampered around us. In a few minutes, they'd be stuffing Michael's face into a sensory deprivation hood, affixing a sneaker to his bare genitals, and meticulously tying him to dozens of hooks with thick yellow rope. But for now, they were just loading our dinner plates into the

I was there to witness a taping of *No Safeword*, a weekly podcast about sex and kink recorded by a group of men every Sunday (the Lord's day). The hosts, who go by Daddy Tony and Sparky, had invited me into their dungeon studio, which contains a custom-built table with broadcast-quality microphones, a professional audio mixer, a cage, and various fixtures at which guests may attach or insert themselves.

As kink professionals, Tony and Sparky created $No\ Safeword\ {\it to}\ {\it educate}\ {\it people}\ {\it about}\ {\it lesser-known}$ sexual practices, to demystify interests that once seemed forbidden, and to connect with other sexual adventurers around the world. It's also a way for them to have fun, and tonight's taping would serve all of those criteria. Another of the guests was Sir Rix, a local sneaker fetishist who would be offering tips for incorporating footwear into sex. There were also three pups—subservient men who had adopted the obedient manner of pets—scampering around, making sure everyone's drinks were filled. And various combinations of husbands and partners and buddies were in attendance.

As for Michael, he's a slim, quiet US Marine Corps reservist in his early 20s who stood on the edge of the group and said as few words as possible.



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Nicholas Roland Saeger, Petitioner And Josefina Saeger, Respondent

No. D550181 Summons (Family Law)

NOTICE TO RESPONDENT: Josefina Saeger

You have 30 calendar days after this Summons and Petition are served on you to file a Response (form FL-120 or FL-123) at the court and have a copy served on the petitioner. A letter, phone call, or court appearance will not

If you do not file your Response on time, the court may make orders affecting your marriage or domestic partnership, your property, and custody of your children. You may be ordered to pay support and attorney fees and costs.

For legal advice, contact a lawyer immediately. Get help finding a lawyer at the California Courts Online Self-Help Center (wwww.courts.ca.gov/selfhelp), at the California Legal Services website (www.lawhelpca.org), or by contacting your local county bar association.

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The name and address of the court are:

SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA 1555 Sixth Avenue San Diego, CA 92101

The name, address, and telephone number of the petiitioner's attorney, or the petitioner without an attorney are:

> Nicholas Roland Saeger 10885 Rio Dr #351 San Diego, CA 92108

Date Jul 23 2014 Clerk, By L. Alvarez, Deputy (Family Law)

#TreatYourself



He'd started listening to the podcast a few months earlier, stumbled across Sparky's profile on a porn site, and then finally worked up the nerve to send an e-mail to the show asking how he could find kinky people in his hometown of Spokane. Sparky invited him to come visit for the weekend, and Michael had spent the previous 24 hours tied up in various configurations or stuffed into a sack. He loved every minute, though when I asked him about his favorite parts. he spoke haltingly and shyly. "I wanted to try everything at least once," he said. "I learned what I like. How people talk."

But talking was clearly not his focus. When it was time to record the show, Michael eagerly accepted a hood that robbed him of his senses, and although his mouth was uncovered, he abstained from speech as he lay naked on the basement table. A mechanical pump had been clamped to his dick, and it tugged rhythmically as two pups tied him down and chatted about their jobs at major local tech companies. The pump motor filled the room with a fast throbbing sound like an excited ultrasound heartbeat.

Before my eyes, the naked young marine was transformed into a sexual prop, an inanimate pleasure toy as utilitarian and dehumanized as the table and pump to which he was attached. Leaning in, Rix explored the inside of Michael's thigh with his hand as one would inspect an inflatable doll at a

This is all normal for Tony and Sparky. who've been taping their podcast amid

Before my eyes,

the naked young

marine was

transformed into

a sexual prop.

scenes of sexual debauchery for two vears. "I'd always wanted to do a podcast," Sparky said. "I always wanted a radio show as a kid." He learned about latex and pups from a partner a little over a decade ago, but struggled at first to understand the opportunities that

fetishes presented. "I read... what was the name of that book?" he asked.

"Woof?" suggested Tony.

"No, the other one: Grrr!" Sparky answered.

Tony, for his part, has been a professional kinkster for years. He worked for an HIV nonprofit in San Francisco, teaching safe sex by day and performing stand-up by night. "I enjoy being a pervert and funny at the same time," he said.

Tony's entry into kink was through an accidental flogging years ago. He and a boyfriend were visiting some neighbors, and hanging on one wall they saw a flogger—a sort of giant feather duster made of leather straps that, when wielded properly, can elicit intense pain. The boyfriend playfully slapped Tony with it, and the neighbor raised an eyebrow. "Do you want to learn how to do this?" he asked.

"Within a nanosecond, I said ves," Tony recalled. Back then, learning the rules of kink $\,$ generally depended on real-life instruction. "I didn't have the internet," Tony said. "I had to seek out local people."

These days, No Safeword conveys Tony and Sparky's years of experience to all corners of the earth—along with the muffled moans that accompany the kinks practiced on the table before them. The internet has opened new avenues of education for them and brought newcomers literally to their doorstep. But it can also expose their personal lives to less-tolerant audiences.

Sparky-whose day job involves buttoned-up business development and account management—used to hide his sexual adventures. Then a coworker snooped and spread the word around the office. "A couple people have treated me differently," he said. But he's decided the trade-off is worth it: "It's much easier to be open... If I want to create a world of true sexual freedom, I have to live it myself."

Only seldom does Tony, who still works with at-risk populations, dance around his areas of expertise. "To my 80-year-old father, I say 'education and prevention,' not 'fisting workshops," he said, reaching for headphones and adjusting his microphone.

As they counted down to the start of that night's taping, he added, "I think it's easier for us to talk about it because sex has become easier to talk about in general."

Not only is it easier to talk about, it's easier to find people to try things with. I glanced back down at Michael the marine, happily wriggling in his confines and pump, and realized that my own heartbeat had accelerated to match the fast pace of the thrumming motor. I'd joined him in feeling the rush of endorphins brought on solely by the audio reverberating out into the world from a suburban basement.

mp and Bolt are both the kind of pert A twentysomething go-go dancers whose underwear overflows with ones throughout an average working evening. They've also appeared in porn, and they work booths at

conventions. Bolt's day job is in tech. Amp handmakes leather paraphernalia.

"We've been called Beavis and Butt-Head by older viewers," said Amp.

"We're more like Dr. Ruth plus Bill Nye for YouTube," said Bolt.

They're close friends (but not a

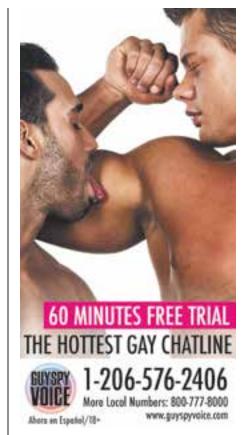
couple! If you ask them, they wrinkle their noses and say "Weird"), and together they host Watts the Safeword, a YouTube channel that's so sexy and fun that viewers might not even notice it's also educational. Recent videos offered playful tips for picking a ball gag, douching lessons with cute emojis, and a giggly demonstration of tools that conduct electricity around your genitals. There's something about their perky chatter that makes fisting seem practically

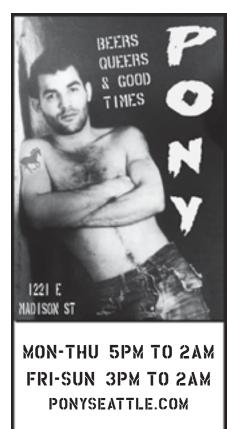
Amp and Bolt aren't the first perverts to offer sex tips on YouTube, but they come to the small screen with some secret weapons: As longtime friends, they have an easygoing, friendly charisma that could just as easily be applied to a series on video games or beauty tips, they have deep and dirty firsthand knowledge of their subject area, and they're young.

With Watts the Safeword, they've managed to mix up a chemistry that's perfect for the most coveted of online viewers-young people, who are far more likely to share and engage with content. "YouTube's getting older, and all these people who started at 13 or 14 are in their 20s," said Amp. "What are they going to watch?"

Rope tutorials, apparently. Puppy play tips are also popular, as is a cozy tell-all about daddy relationships, and also an explainer on the hanky code—an age-old system of signaling your kinks by wearing color-coded handkerchiefs.

It was probably inevitable that Amp and Bolt would come together as they have. ▶











▼ For years, their lives almost intersected as they worked or attended school near each other, and their paths would briefly overlap at conventions or on Grindr. But it was over video games that they finally met in real life: Amp was competing for swag at a Dance Central booth, frantically dancing along with an Xbox game to win scarves for friends. Bolt struck up a conversation, and before long they'd transitioned from a dance-off to puppy competitions at the Cuff.

"He was my first friend who was kinky and nerdy," said Amp, and those two qualities life with "naked male" still on the screen. "I spazzed out," he said.

As nicely as he could, Bolt described his mother as an "overprotective empty-nester," adding, "She's very Minnesota." She has only a faint inkling of her son's educational career, though she did find a pup hood in his room at one point. It took his most professorial demeanor to defuse the situation. "I told her pup play is an internal experience I have, a head space I get into that's sometimes sexual," he said. She took that as well as a very Minnesota mom could.

Watching Amp and Bolt interact is like watching one of those videos of two ecstatic dogs carrying one stick, which is probably why the internet loves Watts the Safeword so much.

have defined both their friendship and their creative endeavors. Bolt helped Amp get a job at a game company; in turn, Amp helped Bolt land go-go gigs.

"I get you sleazy adult things," Amp teased him.

"Yaaay," squeaked Bolt. Watching them interact is like watching one of those videos of two ecstatic dogs carrying one giant stick, which probably explains why the internet loves them so much.

It also doesn't hurt that they're musclebound and willing to try anything. Before they could become the internet's kink professors, they had to be its students.

"My first kink was bondage at 18," said Amp. "I'd teach myself knots watching Bound Jocks." He later lived with Daddy Tony, the No Safeword cohost, and had a bedroom with an attached dungeon. His next boyfriend taught him even more, tving him to a backboard and administering electric shocks while Doctor Who played in the

"I'd never seen Doctor Who or tried electro," said Amp. "I liked it so much, I kept going." I asked a follow-up question about electro, but at that point the conversation had turned to British sci-fi.

Bolt's entry into kink was in a penthouse by Pike Place Market. "It was very Fifty Shades," he said. (Although his description of it sounds more 9 1/2 Weeks, that movie's slightly older than he is.) Bolt met a guy online and says, "When I got up to his place, he was wearing a bathrobe with his initials... This guy really pushed my limits. It was a lot of pain play, beating, ball torture. Balls tied to a hook in the ceiling. We traded off kinks and played with electro and bondage, and that night got me into a lot of things. That's where 'Bolt' comes from, electro play."

The freedom afforded by kink is a stark contrast to the environment of sexual repression in which they were both raised.

Amp's parents are religious and sent him to Catholic school as a kid. Whenever he gets a grateful comment on a video, he saves it to a photo gallery on his phone so that if his parents ever find out what he does, he can show them how he's changing lives for the better.

"I think I was afraid of sex when I was younger," Bolt said. His Midwestern parents discouraged talking about sex, and so he turned to the internet for surreptitious education. He had just looked up "naked male" on the family computer when it crashed and refused to restart, and everyone was gathered around when it finally came back to

Bolt's hope for his videos, he said, is that they can wipe away the stigma of sex, whether kinky or vanilla, so that the young viewers don't grow up as afraid of sex as he was.

The role of teacher seems to come easily to him. When play partners find out that he's kinky, their first question is often "Can you teach me things?"

"I give them some rope," he said, "and homework.'

t was in 1991 that one of Allena Gabosch's friends came to her with a problem. The friend was taking a class on sexuality at Highline Community College, and told her, "We just got to the part about S&M, and it's all wrong. Can you come in and speak?"

Allena was a little taken aback. Sure, she was well known in the kink community. With a friend, she ran the fetishy Beyond the Edge Cafe, located on Capitol Hill where Honey Hole is now. (Back then, there was a dungeon in the basement, and she recalls some guy named Dan Savage regularly coming by to get cookies.)

But she was also unaccustomed to public speaking. Professionally, she was a restaurateur; although she was recognized as a leader in the kink community, it was still just a pastime. The first time she'd ever addressed a group, it was a bunch of students who'd come to hear about healthy food, and her hands shook so hard she could barely pick up a can

To make matters worse, sexual anxiety was an integral part of her childhood. She was raised fundamentalist, and as a teen she was forbidden from talking about boyfriends.

But as a young adult, Allena discovered an attraction to kinky sex-what was then referred to as S&M, and today more commonly as BDSM. What's more, she reminded herself, she'd gotten into the restaurant business because she liked nurturing people, and opening eyes about sexual fulfillment could be a way to do that.

"I can do this," she told herself, and she told her friend, "Sure."

"Great," her friend replied. Then she added sheepishly, "Just... don't tell anyone you

Allena laughed as she told me the story. "And I've never looked back," she said.

Although she didn't realize it. Allena was about to embark on an accidental sexlecturing career that blossomed throughout the 1990s. When Beyond the Edge closed in 1999, she and some friends founded the Center for Sex Positive Culture in the Interbay neighborhood, to educate the public and strengthen Seattle's kinky community.

Now nearly two decades later, the center's mission continues with multiple daily events. Items currently on the calendar: a workshop on incorporating martial arts into sex, a clothing-optional dance party ("Special note: Bring a fun hat!"), an erotic massage class, and an arts and crafts night. Whatever your predilection is, there's a good chance that you can hone it at the center—or if you don't think you have any kinks, that you'll discover one.

Allena is in the process of stepping back a bit from full-time education. She's reduced her involvement with the center. though her schedule remains busy. The week that we spoke, she was scheduled to appear at three colleges, participate in a panel, and present to two groups about senior sexuality. She has a podcast called The Relationship Anarchy Show and a coaching business at EroticCoaching.com. She's also a frequent podcast guest, appearing on shows like No Safeword and Polyamory Weekly.

"I have a personal mission statement," she told me. "Remove shame from sex and bring joy." Her college friend's reluctance to be publicly associated with her S&M talk remains a harsh memory, all these years later. She's seen firsthand that feelings of horror around sexual conversations are instilled in us from the time we're kids.

"It's really scary to go to your mom and say, 'Mom, tell me about anal sex," Allena said, and I did not argue. "And what about kink or fantasizing? When I was a kid, I depended on Playboy or Playgirl—when I was young, there was nothing."

She added, "In sixth grade, the boys

stayed with her. "I'd have weird sexual encounters and meet people who had judgments about sex, and that guy just never went away." Her defiance never went away, either—and to this day, it motivates her to push the boundaries of her sexual potential and to unlock that potential in others. Wherever he is now, Seattle has a crazy Oregonian street preacher to thank in part for the existence of the Center for Sex Positive

If sexual shame is something passed down from generation to generation, it seems as though millennials may have broken the chain of inheritance. Allena recently spoke to a group of teens who seemed more comfortable with sex than most adults. "How do you make anal sex pleasant?" one asked. "If a vegan rims a vegan, are they still vegan?" asked another. Questions about polyamory focused on negotiation rather than on the presumption of jealousy.

"There seems to have been a shift," Allena said. "I'm an old hippie—I came from the free-love sexual revolution, but... youth today are having a sexual renaissance. Young people today are more gender fluid, more orientation fluid."

That reminded me of an experience I had a few months ago walking home from the Eagle. A block away from home, I became aware of two people coming up behind me. I gripped my keys and looked around for a door I could bang on for help as the strangers matched my pace.

Finally, one of them spoke. "What's your gender identity?" they opened with. I could see at that point that they were both around 20 years old, slight, walking arm and arm.

"Pretty male." I said.

"We're gender nonconforming," the other said. "We just wanted to make sure you're

"I have a personal mission statement," Allena Gabosch said. "Remove shame from sex and bring joy."

went to one room and the girls went to another. I don't know what the boys learned about. Girls learned about menstruation." (I experienced a similar lesson, and all I remember of what the boys were taught is that you're not supposed to say "boner" in public.)

The forbidden mystique of sex began to fade for her in the mid-1970s when she was 18 years old and living in Portland. Still a bit wide-eyed and innocent, "I snuck into a gay bar and met an amazing trans woman who let me ask her the most stupid questions," she said. It was the best sex education she'd ever had.

Then a month later, she stumbled across her first Pride festival. It was around this time that she was figuring out that she also liked women, and so she cautiously peeked her head in-but as she left, she was accosted by a man with a sign depicting people on fire.

"You queer!" he yelled after her.

"Are you talking to me?" she asked.

"You homosexual," he went on, "you're going to burn in hell."

Allena began arguing back, and she didn't notice as a crowd gathered to watch the verbal sparring. When she turned to leave, the strangers applauded for her.

"I realized there were people out there who hated me," she said, and the memory getting home okay."

When I told Allena about this, her eyes welled up. "What a gift those people gave you!" she said. "It's so scary now to be on Capitol Hill."

It's true—I'm a relative newcomer to Seattle, and I wish I could have been here to experience the adventures that lay beneath what we now know of as the Honey Hole. But times change, and while it's easy to focus on what's changed for the worse, it's also worth observing the ways in which life

"If you'd told me 25 years ago that this is what I'd be doing, I'd have laughed," Allena

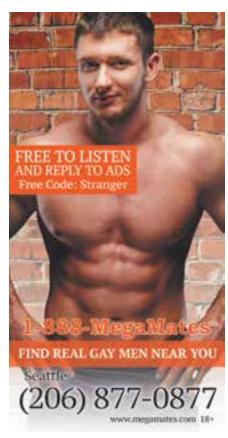
Since its inception, 18,000 people have joined or visited the Center for Sex Positive Culture. In that time, we've seen a cultural shift driven by those visitors, by volunteers, by educators, and by the simple act of making sex whatever you want it to be.

It's a shift that today allows gentle 20-year-olds to feel comfortable strolling Capitol Hill arm in arm, sneaking up behind strangers to gender-nonconform.

"We give people the permission to be the sexual beings they already are," Allena said. "That's powerful. And it stays."

For surreptitious education, turn to

THESTRANGER.COM



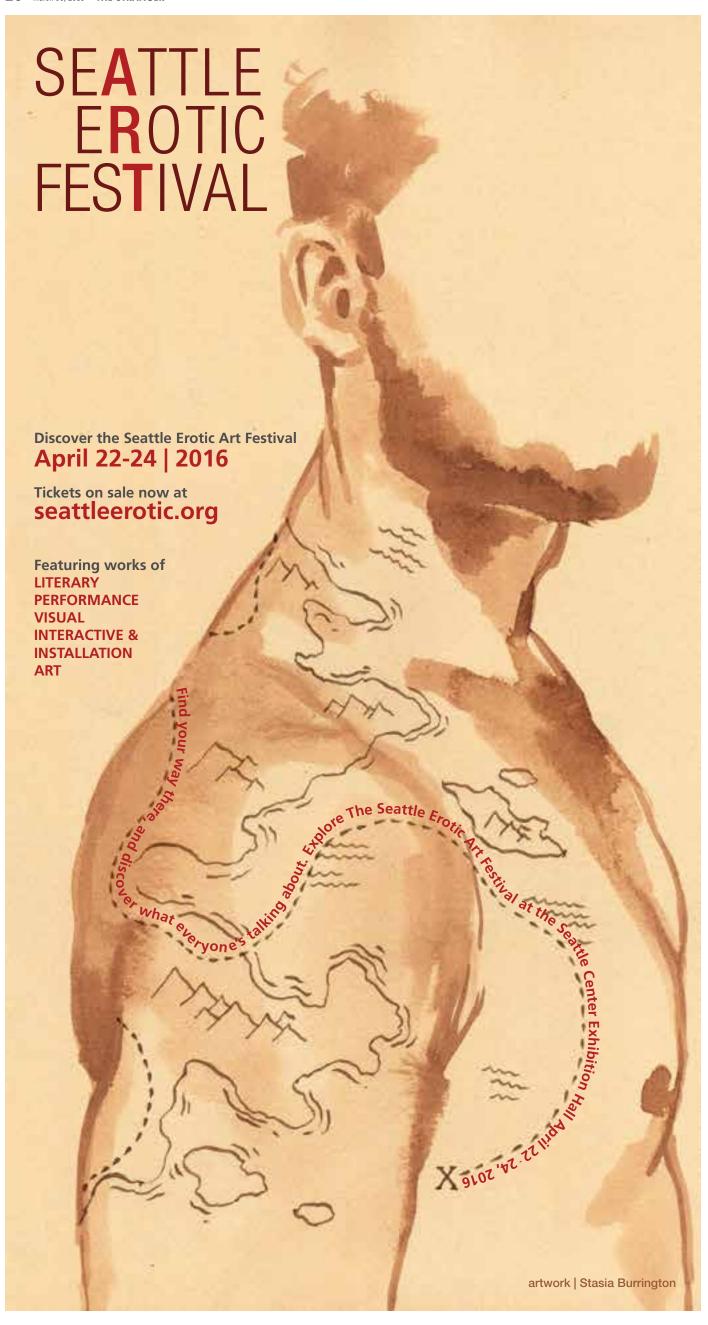


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SAVAGE LOVE

JCCSF BY DAN SAVAGE

I was honored to speak at JCCSF—Jewish Community Center of San Francisco—last week as a part of their "Uninhibited: About Sex" lecture series. Audience questions were put to me by Jourdan Abel, who was wearing a wonderful uterus-themed sweater. (Check out my Insta-

gram account—@dansavage—to see Abel's sweater!) Here are some of the questions Abel and I didn't get to.

I had the best sex of my life with my ex. He fucked me hard, had a huge cock, and made me eat his come with a spoon. I loved it. Needless to say, we were incompatible in other ways. My current BF is Very Vanilla. When I masturbate, I think about my ex and can't help but wish my current guy would make me slurp his come up from a utensil. We are very compatible in other ways.

Am I doomed to fantasize about my ex?

You are—unless you open up to your current BF about what's missing in your sex life and/or get his permission to get your hard-fucking/spoon-feeding needs met elsewhere.

How do you combat homophobic remarks in a culture that condones and promotes homophobic tendencies?

You combat homophobia—and misogyny, its big sister—one terrified middle-schooler at a time. Bearing in mind, of course, that "terrified middle-schooler" is a state of mind, not an age bracket.

Got any advice for a bi girl, formerly submissive, who wants to start dominating men?

Move to San Francisco. Oh, wait—you're already in San Francisco. Leave the house—get involved in local kink orgs, if you aren't already involved, check out local sex-positive events (bawdystorytelling.com is a great place to start), and let people know what you're looking for. There's no shortage of submissive guys in the Bay Area, and no shortage of dominant women up for mentoring women who are curious about topping.

In gay male relationships, what can you say about the psychological boundary between being Alpha in the world and beta in bed?

The boundary between Alpha In World/Beta In Bed is not studded with guard towers, barbed wire, and death strips, à la the Berlin Wall. (Google it, kids.) That boundary exists only in our heads. And once we get that fact through our thick heads, not only do we discover that the Alpha/beta boundary is easily crossed, we quickly learn that crossing it—brutally and joyfully violating it at will—is a blast.

Is Savage your real last name? It's mine, too! My mother is a sex therapist! Could you say hi to Dr. Linda Savage? She'll die!

Hi, Dr. Linda Savage! Please don't die.

What do you do when you can't make your partner come?

Me? I hand him back his dick and go get myself some ice cream—but you shouldn't do what I do when you can't make your partner come. Here's what you should do: Keep trying, ask your partner what they need, and encourage them, if need be, to "finish themselves off" (without pouting, without laying a guilt trip on them about how they've made you feel inadequate). Cheerfully offer to hold 'em or play with their tits or eat their ass while they finish themselves off—or, hell, offer to go get 'em ice cream. Whatever helps!

Porn is so accessible today. How has it affected society?

One positive effect (among many): Porn's wider accessibility forced us to stop pretending there's one kind of sex—heterosexual, manon-top—that absolutely everyone is interested in. Thanks to the interwebs, we can track what people are actually searching for (it's not all

hetero), where they're searching for it (a shout-out to the great state of Utah, which has the highest porn consumption rates per capita in the nation!), and how long they're lingering over it.

One negative effect (among many): The ubiquity of porn coupled with the general lousiness of sex education—in the United States and Canada—has resulted in porn doing something it isn't designed to do and consequently does not do well. And that would be,

of course, educating young people about sex. If we don't want porn doing that, and we don't, we need to create comprehensive sex ed programs that cover everything—hetero sex, queer sex, partnered sex, solo sex, gender identity, consent, kinks, and how to be a thoughtful, informed, and critical consumer of porn.

What is the one thing that concerns you most about the current political climate/election cycle?

Donald Trump getting the Republican nomination. I'm not concerned about the potential destruction/implosion of the GOP—those fuckers have it coming—but with political violence. I'm concerned that black and brown people—Latinos, Muslims, African Americans—will be subjected to more political/social/economic violence than they already are. People will die as a result of Trump getting the GOP nomination.

What kind of sexual fluid or act would you name after Donald Trump?

Trump already has an alternate/more accurate meaning. There is no authority higher than the Oxford English Dictionary, and here's what you'll find under "trump" at oed.com: "in reference to a sound like a trumpet... the act of breaking wind audibly." So remember, kids, when you see Trump in front of a microphone... Trump isn't talking... he's trumping.

What is the etiquette when it comes to social media and open relationships?

It all depends on the preferences of the couple/throuple/quad/squad in question. If a particular couple, etc., wants to maintain the appearance of being monogamous, if they want to avoid stigma, judgment, freaked-out parents, etc., then they're not going to want evidence of their open relationship popping up all over Facebook and/or Instagram. If there's internal disagreement in a particular couple/throuple/quad/squad about keeping things quiet on social media, not outing the person(s) who want to keep things discreet may be the price of admission their other partners have to pay.

What was your favorite aspect of the orgy held in honor of your 50th birthday?

The fact that I wasn't invited. #NotAnOrgyFan

"Uninhibited: About Sex" continues at the JCCSF through the end of May. Upcoming speakers and events include Esther Perel, Nicole Prause, Jules Howard, films, poetry readings, and live musical performances. For a full schedule of events: jccsf.org/arts-ideas/uninhibited. ■

On the *Lovecast*, power poly kinkster Allena Gabosch on poly complications: savagelovecast.com.

mail@savagelove.net @fakedansavage on Twitter



University of Washington Research Study Department of Medicine

Male Contraceptive Study

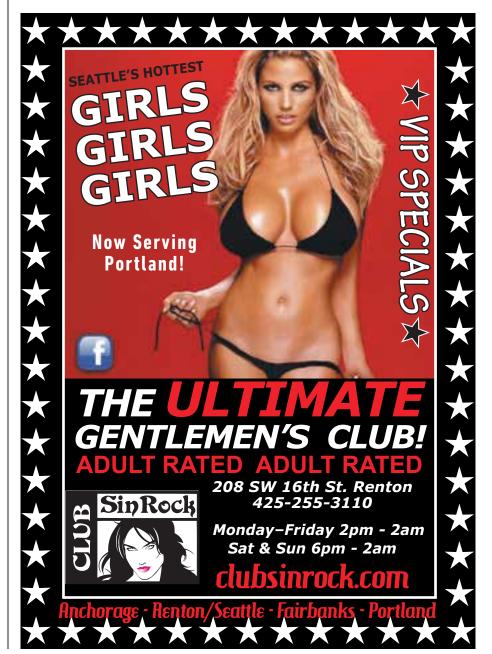
Men are needed to participate in an investigational drug study using a hormone pill to help develop a new form of male contraception. This study will be conducted at the University of Washington, Seattle. The study involves 15 visits over a period of 2 ½-3 months, including two 26 hour weekday visits.

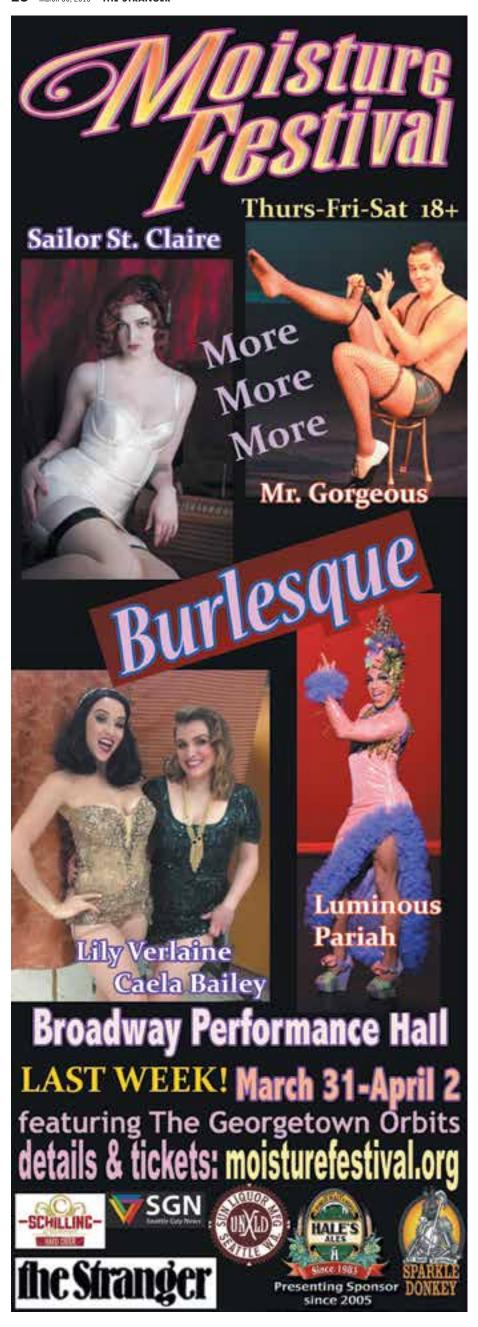
<u>To be eligible you must be:</u> » 18-50 years of age » Male » In good health » Not taking medications on a daily basis

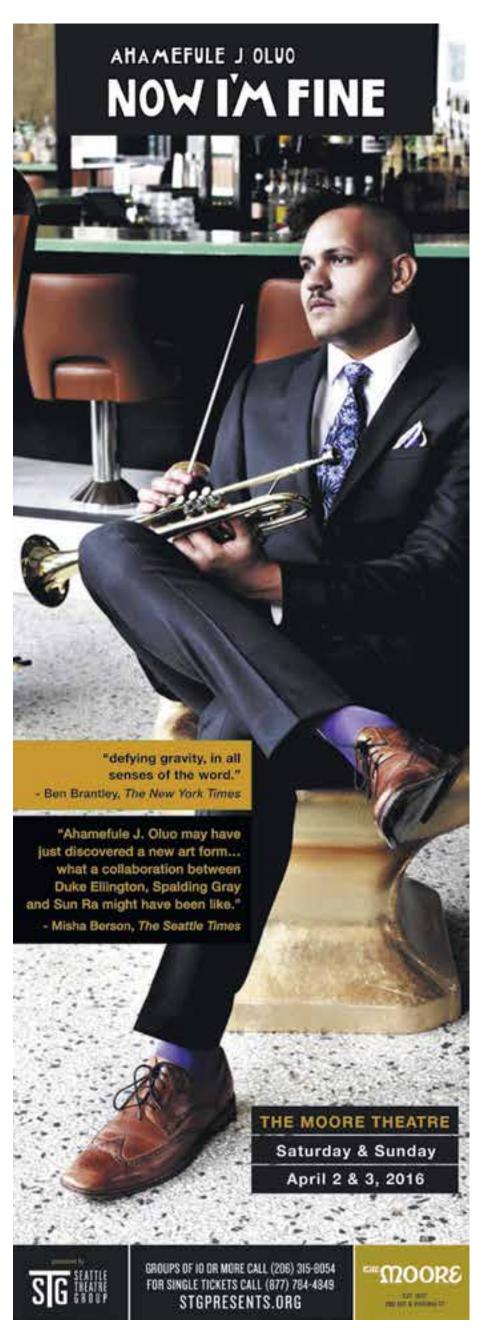
Volunteers will be reimbursed for their time and inconvenience for each study visit completed and may be compensated up to 1,300 - 1,325

If interested, call 206-616-1818 (volunteer line) and ask for more information about the DMAU-2 study.

Stephanie Page, MD, PhD; William Bremner, MD, PhD; Arthi Thirumalai, MD; John Amory, MD, MPH; Mara Roth, MD







THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

All the Events The Stranger Suggests This Week Stranger Suggests This Week at strangerthingstodo.com strangerTTD Stranger Things To Do



PERFORMANCE

Now I'm Fine

DON'T MISS Ahamefule J. Oluo, of Stranger Genius Award-winning band Industrial Revelation, remounts his autobiographical odyssey, a harrowing, hilarious personal story punctuated by astoundingly strong songs, brilliantly arranged and performed by several of the most talented musicians in Seattle. Originally staged at On the Boards, Now I'm Fine received rave reviews during its recent New York run, and should definitely be seen at the Moore, because you never know where it will end up next. (Moore Theatre, April 2-3, \$30) SEAN NELSON

We also recommend...

THEATER & DANCE

Assassins: ACT Theatre, through May 8 Bard in a Bar: Solo Bar, Mon April 4, 8-9:30 pm, free entry, 21+

Blue Man Group: Paramount Theatre, March 31-April 3, \$35-\$114

brownsville song (b-side for tray): Seattle Repertory Theatre, Wed-Sun & Tues, \$34, through April 24

Mariela in the Desert: Theatre Off Jackson, Thurs-Sat, \$15, through April 9

The Mis-Education of the Well-Meaning Liberal: Rainier Valley Cultural Center, Fri-Sat, 7 pm, \$20, through April 9

My Heart Is the Drum: Village Theatre, Issaquah, Wed-Sun, through April 24 Sarah Rudinoff: NowNowNow: On the Boards, through April 3, \$25

Spin the Bottle: Annex Theatre, Fri April 1, 11 pm, \$5/\$10

Comedy Nest Open Mic: Barbara Holm: Rendezvous, Tues April 5, 8 pm, \$5

Eulogy: West of Lenin, Thurs-Sat, 8 pm. \$5. through April 16

Weird and Awesome with Emmett Montgomery: Annex Theatre, Sun April 3, 7:30 pm, \$5/\$10

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

READINGS & TALKS

Touré

DON'T MISS In addition to his roles as journalist, culture critic, cohost of The Cycle on MSNBC, and extremely prolific tweeter, Touré is also the author of Who's Afraid of Post-Blackness: What It Means to Be Black

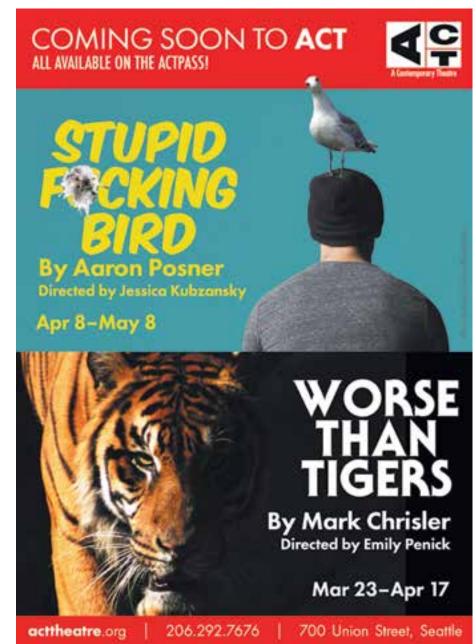
Now. In a recent interview, he described the term "post-blackness" as a "conception of blackness where the identity options are infinite." He's specifically interested in what the notion of "blackness" signifies within African American communities and how the concept expresses itself through language, culture, and criticism. His talk, "Microagression: Power, Privilege, and Everyday Life," however, will focus on the everyday racism that people of color endure while just standing in line at the grocery store. (Kane Hall, Room 130, Tues April 5, 7:30 pm, \$5) RICH SMITH

We also recommend...

Ask the Oracle: Sorrento Hotel, Tues April 5, 7:30 pm, free

Continued







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THINGS TO DO ARTS & CULTURE

First Folio! The Book that Gave Us Shakespeare: Central Library, through April 17, free

Gary Faigin, Negarra A. Kudumu, and Maikoiyo Alley-Barnes: The Subversive Art of Kehinde Wiley: Town Hall, Wed March 30, 7:30 pm. \$5

Noriko Manabe: Elliott Bay Book Company, Sat April 2, 7 pm, free

Rick Bass: Elliott Bay Book Company, Fri

April 1, 7 pm, free **Rob Spillman**: Elliott Bay Book Company,

Mon April 4, 7 pm, \$10

Think and Drink: Now or Never: Climate

Change and Policy in the Pacific Northwest: Naked City Brewery & Taphouse, Wed March 30, 7 pm, free

Thomas Frank: Elliott Bay Book Company, Thurs March 31, 7 pm, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

FOOD & DRINK

Edible Book Festival

DON'T MISS Food, book, and, most importantly, pun lovers unite! The Edible Book Festival brings people together for a lighthearted culinary, artistic, and literary celebration. Throughout the day, "books" made from food and inspired by works of literature will be displayed. (Past entries have included works titled Gourd of the Rings, War and Peas, and The Life of Pie.) Later, awards (including "Most PUNderful") will be handed out. Contestants are asked to bring a copy of the book that inspired them as well as a serving utensil—because at the end of the day, all the creations will be eaten. Punch and coffee will be served. It's the most wonderful and delicious nerd parade imaginable. (Third Place Commons, Lake Forest Park, Sat April 2, 11 am-2 pm, free) ANGELA GARBES

We also recommend...

\$10 Pizza Mondays: Cafe Lago, Mon April 4, 5 pm

Caviar Tasting: Seattle Caviar Company, Thurs March 31, 5-7 pm, \$30

Chocolate Happy Hour: Chocolopolis, Thurs March 31, 5-9 pm, free

Dine Around Seattle: Various locations, Sun-Thurs, \$18/\$33, through March 31 **Free Wine on 15th:** European Vine Selections, Sat April 2, 3-6 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at Champion Wine Cellars: Champion Wine Cellars, Sat April 2, 12-5 pm, free

Free Wine Tasting at DeLaurenti: DeLaurenti, Sat April 2, 2-4 pm, free

Guest Chef Night: Brian Pusztai: Fare-Start, Thurs March 31, 5:30-8 pm, \$30 Paella Night: Terra Plata, Mon April 4, 5

Plate of Nations: Various locations (across Rainier Valley), \$15/\$25, through April 10 Raclette Sunday!: Culture Club Cheese Bar, Sun April 3, 6 pm. \$7

Sunday Pig Roast: Bell + Whete, Sun April 3, 5 pm, \$24 per person

Taco Wednesdays: Roanoke Park Place Tavern, \$1 each, Wed March 30, 4 pm-2 am **Taste Washington**: Various locations, March 31-April 3, \$90-\$140

Wine Wednesdays: LloydMartin, Wed

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

AR

The Brink: Jason Hirata

DON'T MISS Jason Hirata's sculptures and drawings are about food, about specials in particular. One of his "specials," handwritten on a piece of paper as on a restaurant board, is "Plumpy'Nut," and you wonder, what is that? It is a peanut-butterish food made for the victims of malnutrition, and a single French company has a patent that makes it the only company that can produce it, only to be imported from the developed world, never to be produced where it is consumed. Hirata won the 2015 Brink Award, and his funny, sad, wonky, scruffy Brink Award show takes as its inspiration an early-19th-century print by Francisco de Goya and a 1981 speech by General Electric CEO Jack Welch. There is a great dissonant distance between Hirata's conceptualist style and the smells, tastes, and corpulences that his works conjure. (Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through June 26) JEN GRAVES

We also recommend...

ART EVENTS

Backstreet Bazaar: The Hillman City Collaboratory, Sun April 3, 7-10 pm, by donation

Gary Faigin, Negarra A. Kudumu, and Maikoiyo Alley-Barnes: The Subversive Art of Kehinde Wiley: Town Hall, Wed March 30, 7:30 pm, \$5

Mindfulness Meditation at the Frye: Frye Art Museum, Wed March 30, 12:30 pm,

MUSEUMS

Ai Weiwei: Fault Line: San Juan Islands Museum of Art (SJIMA), Friday Harbor, Fri-Mon, \$10, through April 11

The Atomic Frontier: Black Life in Hanford, WA: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through May 22 Brenna Youngblood: abstracted realities: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through April 17

Constructs: Installations by Asian Pacific American Women Artists: Wing Luke Museum, Tues-Sun, \$15, through April 17
The Duchamp Effect: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through Aug 14

Emblems of Encounter: Europe and Africa Over 500 Years: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, ongoing

The Harmon & Harriet Kelley Collection of African American Art: Works on Paper: Northwest African American Museum, Wed-Sun, \$7, through April 17

James Turrell's Light Reign: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10

Journey to Dunhuang: Buddhist Art of the Silk Road Caves: Asian Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$9, through Jun 12

Kehinde Wiley: A New Republic: Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through May 8 Martha Rosler: Below the Surface:

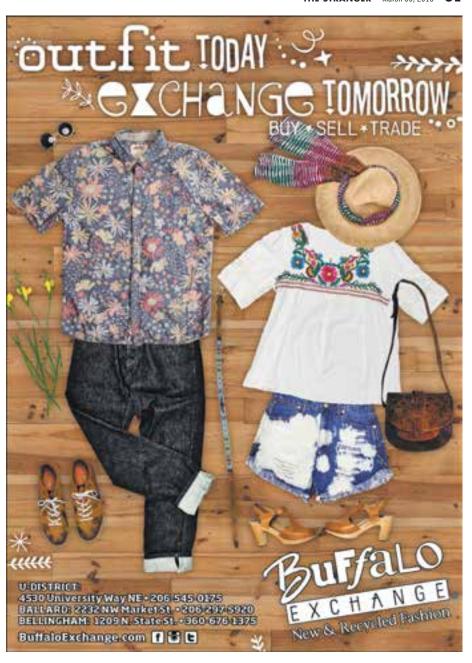
Seattle Art Museum, Wed-Sun, \$20, through July 4 Paul McCarthy: White Snow, Wood

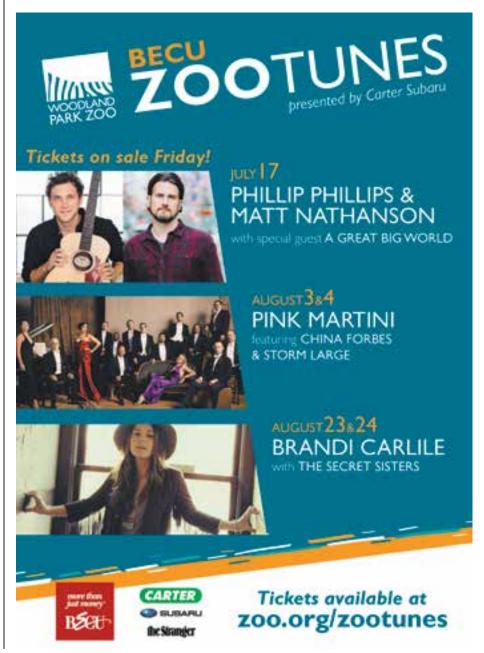
Sculptures: Henry Art Gallery, Wed-Sun, \$10, through Sept 11

GALLERIES

Dick Weiss & Cappy Thompson: Traver Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2 Giant Steps: Artist Residency on the

Continued ightharpoonup







(3/30) Gary Faigin, Negarra A. Kudumu, and Maikoiyo Alley-Barnes The Subversive Art of Kehinde Wiley

> (3/30) Michael Waldman Winning 'The Fight to Vote'

(3/31) AWC Seattle: Mara Liasson The Future of the Media

> **(4/1)** Arts Corps: Youth Speaks Seattle 2016 Grand Slam

(4/1) Andrew Bacevich

America's Never Ending War

(4/3) EMG:

The Life and Times of Galileo with Seattle Historical Arts for Kids

(4/3) Seattle Festival Orchestra Redemption

(4/3) Seattle Rock Orchestra **Social Club**

(4/4) UW Science Now: Arjun Khakhar and Sarah Pickett Designing Plants to Fight Hunger; Hearing Loss, Hair Cells, and Zebrafish

(4/4) 350 Seattle: Bill McKibben Keeping Fossil Fuel Underground

(4/4) Emerging Technologies in Health: Luke Timmerman, Leroy Hood, Atul Butte, Carol Dahl, **Jacob Corn, Roger Perlmutter** Institute for Systems Biology

> (4/5) Lesley Hazleton The Agnostic Spirit

(4/8) Global Rhythms Söndörgo

(4/9) EMG International Series: Stile Antico

The Musical World of Shakespeare

(4/11) Sarah Bakewell with Mott Greene What the Existentialists Can Do for Us

(4/11) The Property Brothers 'Finding and Fixing Your Perfect House'

(4/12) Gene Kopelson

Ronald Reagan's 'Hidden Political Mentor'

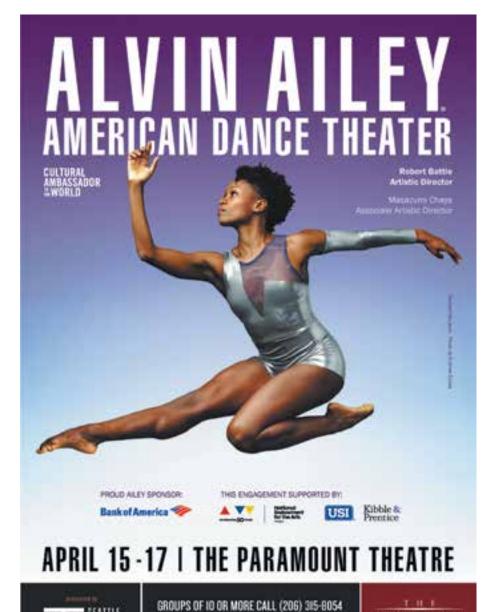
(4/12) Seattle Arts and Lectures: Jacqueline Woodson

(4/13) UW Science Now: Elisa Bonnin and Jillian Lyles The Joys of Plankton Field Research; Reshaping Western Ocean Stewardship

(4/13) Hope Jahren The Benefits of a Career in Science

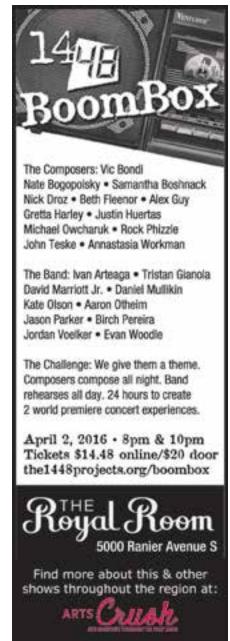
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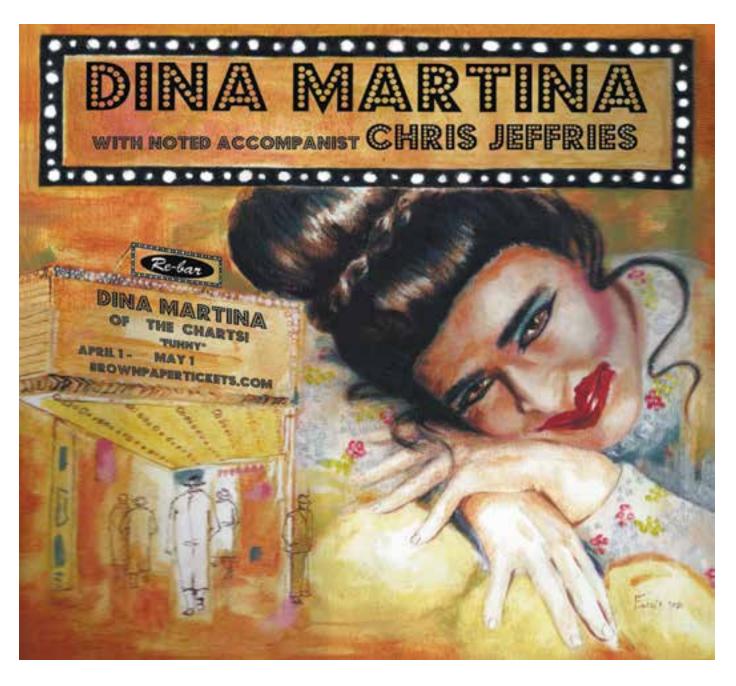
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PARAMOUNT

Moon: King Street Station, free, through April 3

I Wasn't Just Saying What You Wanted To Hear: The Alice, Sat, 12-5 pm, free, through April 9

Jeffry Mitchell: New Drawings: Joe Bar,

free, through April 11

Joan Tanner: The False Spectator: Suyama Space, Mon-Fri, free, through April

15

Koren Christofides: A Modern Medieval Bestiary: Gallery IMA, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2

Lina Persson: Animated Ecology: INCA, Wed-Sat, free, through April 16

Lynne Woods Turner: bend/fold/open: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2

Mario Lemafa: last_resort: Interstitial, Sat. free, through April 2

Martha Rosler: Homeless: The Street and Other Venues: The New Foundation Seattle, Thurs-Sat, free, through May 28 Matika Wilbur: Project 562: The Hibulb Cultural Center and Natural History Preserve, Tulalip, Tues-Sun, \$10, through Jun 11 Norman Lundin: Greg Kucera Gallery, Tues-Sat, free, through April 2

Real Change Portrait Project: City Hall Lobby Gallery, Mon-Fri, free, through May 2 Roy Dowell & Xavier Toubes: James Harris Gallery, Wed-Sat, free, through April 2 Salt/Water: Photographic Center Northwest, Sat-Thurs, free, through April 2 **TECTONIC**: Bridge Productions, Wed-Sat,

free, through April 2 Tim Durkan: The Pretty and the Gritty: Magnuson Park Gallery, Thurs-Sat, free,

through April 23 Unsettled~Resettled: Seattle's Hunt

Hotel: Japanese Cultural and Community Center of Washington, Mon-Fri, free

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Midnight Special

DON'T MISS Sometimes a movie should be about only one thing: a chase. In the case of Midnight Special, the chase involves a father, his ex-wife, his son, federal agents, and a religious sect. What is being pursued is the boy, and what is wanted from the boy are his special powers. This plot might sound too simple, but if it is handled by a strong director—which is said to be the case with Jeff Nichols, the director of Midnight Special—then it should be thrilling. (SIFF Cinema Egyptian, opens April 1, \$12) **CHARLES MUDEDE**

We also recommend...

3 Women: Scarecrow Video, Thurs March 31, 7 pm, free

10 Cloverfield Lane: Various locations Beauty and the Beast (Jean Cocteau): Grand Illusion, April 1-2, \$9

The Big Short: Sundance Cinemas The Bronze: Various locations

Buena Vista Social Club: SIFF Film Center,

Wed March 30, 6 pm, \$12

Campout Cinema: Donnie Darko: EMP Museum, Thurs March 31, 8 pm, \$12, 21+

Cartoon Happy Hour: Central Cinema,

Thurs March 31, 5-7 pm, free City of Gold: Seven Gables The Confirmation: Varsity Theatre The Dark Horse: Various locations, opens

Embrace of the Serpent: SIFF Cinema Uptown, \$12

Eye in the Sky: Meridian 16

Galaxy Quest: Central Cinema, April 1-6.

Hail, Caesar!: Various locations

Hello, My Name Is Doris: Various locations The Last Dragon with Taimak in Person: SIFF Cinema Uptown, Fri April 1, 8 pm, \$15

Mr. Robot Viewing Party and Potluck: Tin Dog Brewing, Mon April 4, 7-10 pm, through April 19

Page to Screen: In the Bedroom: Central Library, Sat April 2, 1 pm, free

Pioneers of African-American Cinema: Dirty Gertie from Harlem USA and Hot Biskits: Grand Illusion, Sun April 3, 3 pm, \$9 Ran: SIFF Cinema Uptown, March 30-31, \$12 The Sprocket Society presents Saturday Secret Matinees: Grand Illusion, Sat April 2, 2 pm, \$9

Take Me to the River: SIFF Film Center, April 1-7, \$12

Until the End of the World: Northwest Film Forum, Thurs March 31, 7 pm, \$11 Whiskey Tango Foxtrot: Various locations **Zootopia:** Various locations

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com

Triple Threat with Kimball Allen

DON'T MISS If you pumped a bunch of quarters into one of those claw-grabbing machines full of talent, there's a good chance you might extract an unlikely collection of performers resembling a lineup at Triple Threat. First of all, there's the headliner, Leslie Jordan—the adorable elder gay guy who always makes you go, "Oh, it's that guy I just saw in that thing." Then there's local burlesque heroine Jamie Von Stratton, whose very presence demands your attention the moment she enters a room. Add offbeat comedian Christian Leonard, the music of the Great Um, and that guy who wound up with Sir Mix-A-Lot's old phone number, and you have a night to remember thanks to your queer host Kimball Allen. (Triple Door, Thurs March 31, 8 pm, \$43/\$48)

We also recommend...

Bearaoke: Cuff, Tues April 5, 8 pm, free,

Cuff Country Fridays: Cuff, Fri April 1, 7

DJ Night: Cuff, April 1-2, free, 21+ I Hate Karaoke: Pony, Tues April 5, 9 pm, free, 21+

Robbie Turner's Playground: R Place, Wed March 30, midnight, free

Wildrose Karaoke: Wildrose, Wed March

Complete listings at strangerthingstodo.com







PATTI LuPONE COULDA, WOULDA, SHOULDA....

played that part Thursday, April 21 | 7:30 pm \$79, \$74 & \$69

An American actress and singer best known for her work in stage musicals, Patti LuPone is a two-time GRAMMY Award winner and a two-time Tony Award winner. She is also a 2006 American

THE INTERGALACTIC NEMESIS: TARGET EARTH



Friday, April 29 | 7:30 pm 534, 529 & 524 Youth/Student \$15

A stage show billed as a "live-action graphic novel" combines the visual medium of comic books with elements of radio play and traditional stage performances. This show has been featured on Late Night with Conan O'Brien and NPR's All Things Considered.

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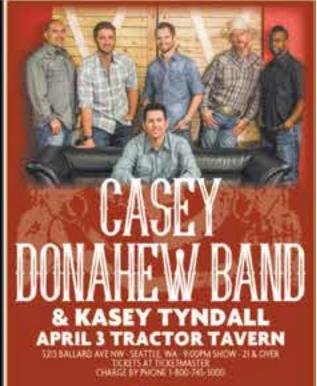
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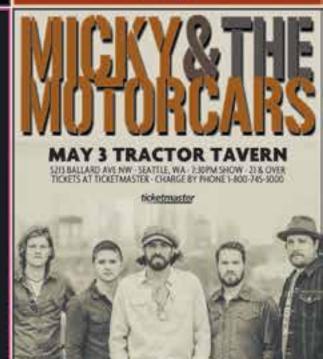


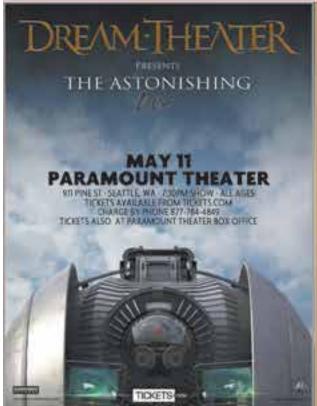
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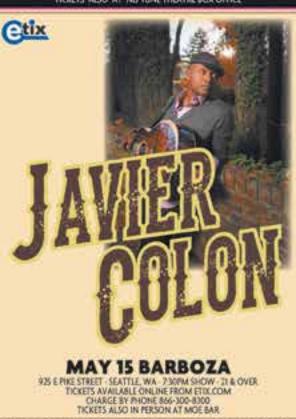














THICS TO DO MUSIC Noteworthy Shows This Week



WEDNESDAY 3/30

Ra Ra Riot, PWR BTTM

(Neumos) PWR BTTM is absolutely my favorite band right now. The New York glitter-covered queer ambassadors of totally catchy rock 'n' roll write songs with lyrics I wanna write on my binder and scream along to meaningfully in my car with the windows rolled down. Not only do the two-piece create the kind of epic, '90salterna-tinged punk songs with genius riffs that reach deeply into my heart, but they're also pioneers of making shows safe spaces, having recently added a clause in their rider requiring venues to provide accessible gender-neutral bathrooms. If that's not already enough to make you swoon, PWR BTTM are known for their hilarious onstage banter and wildly weird and fashionable

attire. They open for the beloved Ra Ra Riot on a big stage like they deserve, and I can't wait to see them on even bigger and bigger stages—KeyArena, the Grammys, fuck it, the Super Bowl halftime show? Did I mention I love this band? ROBIN EDWARDS

THURSDAY 3/31

Denzel Curry 2055: The Ult Experience: Denzel Curry, Allan Kingdom, JK the Reaper

(Crocodile, all ages) Hailing from rap-world hotbed Carol City, Florida, which you may also remember as the center of social unrest after the gunning down of resident Trayvon Martin, Denzel Curry rolled into 2016 with a head full of steam. His last two releases. Nostalgic 64 and 32 Zel / Planet Shrooms, found Curry pushing words with blunt force

over hype alien trap beats from a growing collection of innovative producers, and big names took notice. The former Rvidxr Klyn member pulled Rick Ross and Joey Bada\$\$ for his new project, Imperial, and Curry more than proved he can hang. TODD **HAMM**

Tacocat, Ononos, Mommy Long Legs, Erik Blood

(Chop Suey) How can anyone deny the surfy, bubblegum-punk perfection of a song like "I Hate the Weekend," the first single from Tacocat's latest album, Lost Time? What's not to like about the casually clever, casually glum lyrics, the fuck you, dude angst hurled at the gay-bashing normies and moneylusting techies who invade the city every weekend as unwitting symbols/byproducts of thoughtless gentrification, and all that

bound together with ultra-catchy hooks? It's called catharsis, people, and it helps. Anyhow, this show is the album release for Lost Time, produced by Erik Blood, who will play his Stranger Genius-approved set. Mommy Long Legs join the resistance with their punchy-shouty garage jams, as does the dark-Devo, robo-dance pushers, Ononos. All of this is secretly sad-kid music you can throw up a fist and awkwardly stomp and stiffly head-nod to. Be still, my heart. (The main show is preceded by an all-ages bill at 6 pm featuring Tacocat, Lisa Prank, Hardly Boys, and Boyfriends.) RICH SMITH

Charlie Parr, Michael Wohl

(Tractor) Minnesota guitarist/vocalist Charlie Parr is one of those real-deal folk troubadours who play with fluid grace

Continued
ightharpoonup



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NEPTUNE



THE POPE OF CAPITOL HILL

JON "GASH" SANDERS' LIFE ft. grayskul + avatar darko + grayes 33 and more

SUNDAY 4/24 THE BIG PINK VERSING

— COMING UP NEXT —

WEDNESDAY 3/30

METHYL ETHEL

FRIDAY 4/1

SUB POP TURNS 28!

ft. CULLEN OMORI + Porter Ray + Kyle Craft

SUNDAY 4/3

PRINCE RAMA DINNER + JABON

FRIDAY 4/8

MATTHEW LOGAN VASQUEZ (OF DELTA SPIRIT)

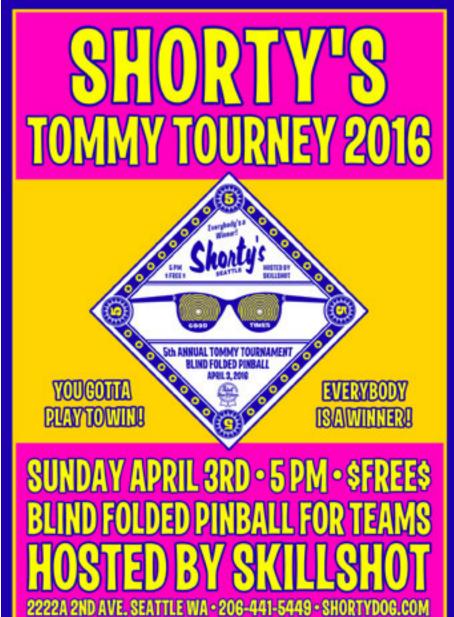
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THINGS TO DO MUSIC

and sing with blues-soul passion, and his act never comes off as shtick—not an easy feat, as anyone who's endured his/her share of mediocre, try-hard pickers and grinners can attest. Parr's 13th album proper, Stumpjumper (recorded in North Carolina with Megafaun and Hiss Golden Messenger member Phil Cook and released last year). sounds like the sort of Americana to which you wouldn't mind building a shrine: profoundly moving melodies, leathery vocals delivering archetypal storytelling, and guitar and banjo tones that glint and ripple with glorious vitality. These primal songs hit you like a rusty rake to your noggin, inducing raw, backwoods satori. DAVE SEGAL

Wolfmother, Deap Vally

(Showbox at the Market, all ages) If you're looking for a little quick entertainment, look on YouTube for an interview with Mike Patton circa 2005, wherein the Faith No More singer has a conniption fit over Australian classic-rock throwback band Wolfmother. In between his histrionics, Patton pinpoints the greatest strength and weakness in sole original member Andrew Stockdale's songwriting: Wolfmother capture all of the Sturm und Drang of '70s monster rock without any of the storied history. Still, if big fuzzy guitars are your jam, Stockdale will deliver. For more surprising music, come early for openers Deap Vally, who refresh the stale two-piece garage-rock template with rhythmic variation and a little snark. JOSEPH SCHAFER

Magma Fest: Underpass, Mourning Coup, Annex, Arcane

(Hollow Earth Radio, all ages) Part of Hollow Earth Radio's monthlong Magma Fest, this is a well-curated punk showcase. San Diegoby-way-of-Olympia goth punks Underpass's expansive, hollow guitar sound could fit in easily in the early-'80s UK post-punk scene, also conjuring Robert Smith-isms with romantically agonized vocals. Mourning Coup, the celestial electronic-pop experiments of Vancouver's Chandra Melting Tallow, lands somewhere between the Knife and Bruce Haack, with disjointed and sparkly synth passages and eerily beautiful, highly affected female vocals. Her dark gothtronica-glazed pop possesses an otherworldly majesty, and shouldn't be missed. Driving Texan dark-punks Annex sound like Siouxsie and the Banshees if they were on Dischord Records in the '90s (a very good thing) while locals Arcane round out this spookified bill with their sinister goth-punk sprawl. **BRITTNIE FULLER**

FRIDAY 4/1

Epic: Pezzner

(Re-bar) Veteran globetrotting Seattle house-music producer/DJ Dave Pezzner launches a new monthly party called Epic that revolves around the premise of letting one DJ control the dance floor for the entire night—to 4 am, if the crowd's into it. It's his first endeavor as a promoter, and although his idea's an old, reliable one, it's rarely instituted in this city. Pezzner cites Larry Levan, Doc Martin, and Tony Humphries as inspirations: these disc jockeys

are renowned for their marathon sets that take clubbers on proverbial "journeys," and in the process save their lives (we've seen it happen!) and make them dance off several pounds (ditto!). Epic's debut will feature the brilliant, idiosyncratic selections of Pezz himself while the visuals will be handled by Brandy Gray and stage design by Celeste Cooning, Guided by Pezzner's vast connections and keen aesthetics. Epic promises to be a first-class monthly. DAVE SEGAL

Abbath, High on Fire, Skeletonwitch, Tribulation

(El Corazón) It's been an interesting couple years for the Immortal camp. The iconic Norwegian black-metal band made headlines in late 2014 when founding guitarist/vocalist Abbath filed to register as copyrighted owner of the Immortal brand—reportedly, without informing his bandmates Demonaz and Horgh. Abbath was denied, leaving the remaining two Immortal members to soldier on without him, as he left to pursue his new project, appropriately named Abbath. It's dark, it's grim, and honestly, it sounds a hell of a lot like Immortal. Black metallers of yesteryear chopped each other up with axes and used their skull fragments to fashion necklaces. These days, they leave the battles to their lawyers. KEVIN DIERS

SATURDAY 4/2

Hey Marseilles, Hibou, Maiah Manser

(Showbox at the Market, all ages) If there was ever a band that could create the soundtrack to Seattle's moody transition from winter to spring, it's Hey Marseilles.

With a stopover at home in Seattle for their first tour since their latest self-titled album dropped in February. Hey Marseilles have returned to beckon brisk spring mornings and lazy summer days back to the Pacific Northwest. The University of Washington grads' newest tracks near-seamlessly blend lilting violin and cello with just enough synth to take a short stroll away from their stringsheavy sophomore album, Lines We Trace. After seeing them live, prepare to feel cello vibrato buzzing like audio sunshine in your eardrums through July. The winter doldrums are over, Seattle. ANA SOFIA KNAUF

Narrows, Sandrider, Big Trughk

(Highline) New Distances, the 2009 debut album of forward-thinking hardcore band Narrows, was an appropriate title in both content and form. Doesn't every hardcore album ultimately serve to highlight the emotional chasms that develop between friends, family, and community? But even without the lyrical themes of betrayal and antipathy, New Distances was an apt description for a band built on fleeting proximity. Narrows had a Northwest base, but the band grew to encompass a Brit, and half of the band relocated to San Diego. Those distances also brought their own musical perspectives. It's hard to ignore the influence of San Diego's Drive Like Jehu in Narrow's dueling guitar dissonance, or deny the hints of Seattle's proto-grunge chug-and-churn in their breakdowns, or overlook the impact of London's Southern Records roster on their angular arrangements. BRIAN COOK

Continued
ightharpoonup







THINGS TO DO MUSIC

SUNDAY 4/3

Life During Wartime perform **Stop Making Sense**

(Nectar) Perhaps tribute concerts have gotten out of hand. Now we're seeing bills dedicated to a live show that became a Jonathan Demme documentary? Oy. Granted, Stop Making Sense is one of the greatest films of its kind and Talking Heads were operating at peak expanded-lineup potency when it was shot. But there's something ridiculous about paying homage to something so reliant on its particular circumstances. Maybe that makes Life During Wartime's endeavor even more admirable. Stop Making Sense stands as a wonderful overview of Talking Heads' catalog through Speaking in Tongues, and as a bonus, includes Tom Tom Club's sensuously slow funk classic "Genius of Love." Life During Wartime promise "exciting visuals, costuming, signature licks and moves, even stage props." Hmm. Maybe this will be a once-in-a-lifetime experience: maybe they'll Byrne down the house. **DAVE**

Oxbow, Thrones, Cornelius Asperger & the Bicurious Unicorns, Great Falls

(Highline) Oxbow are a lot like a Thomas Pynchon novel—paranoid, hallucinatory. fluctuating between the cerebral and the base, the accessible and the impenetrable. Originally an offshoot of '80s Bay Area hardcore band Whipping Boy, Oxbow distanced themselves from loud-fast-rules appeal and veered into a labyrinth of highbrow music

theory and lowbrow viscera. This is a band where one member will sing the praises of Hungarian composer Béla Bartók while another member publishes a book asserting the merits of physical violence. The contradiction continues onstage, where vocalist Eugene Robinson frequently grapples with feisty members of the audience while the band churns out a disciplined blend of free jazz, modern classical, and avant-garde noise rock. Like a Pynchon novel, you might not always understand what's happening, but you also can't turn away. BRIAN COOK

Prince Rama, Dinner, Jabon

(Barboza) Prince Rama—Brooklyn multiinstrumentalist sisters Taraka and Nimai Larson—have metamorphosed from the tom-tom-heavy, Krishna-chants-and-ritualistic-dance-in-a-cave aesthetic of 2010's Shadow Temple and 2011's Trust Now fulllengths to something much more modern and club-friendly. Top 10 Hits of the End of the World (2012) was an ambitious concept album in which Prince Rama "impersonated" 10 different groups playing cosmic disco, new wave, glam rock, grunge, etc. with thrilling results. Their new full-length, Xtreme Now, reputedly was inspired by Taraka's near-death experience inside an ancient Viking ruin, which triggered in her a feeling of existing in several time periods at once. This led, naturally, to Prince Rama making a concept record about extreme sports, which sounds like a mile-high dance-pop created on gallons of Molly-enriched Gatorade. Get pumped! On his 2016 Psychic Lovers album,

Dinner (Danish producer/vocalist Anders Rhedin) sounds like a dude mocking Nico at karaoke (on downers) over frictionless. Scandinavian electro pop, suffused in haloes of synth vapor—save for "A.F.Y.," by far the album's most chaotic, abrasive track. Rhedin's singing's so ludicrous, it wins you over on sheer chutzpah. "Oh, he's not kidding? Ballsy." DAVE SEGAL

The Life and Times of Galileo

(Town Hall, all ages) What's that you say? That you would like to see small persons right here in Seattle re-creating the blazing world—including song, period costume, and era-appropriate music—of the man who singlehandedly fought the entire Catholic establishment to defend his belief that the earth revolved around the sun rather than the other way around, and in so doing (along with a few other things), established science itself? Well. This is your day. The Seattle Historical Arts youth troupe are the actors, and the band is directed by Shulamit Kleinerman. On the bill: music composed by Galileo's father. The father of the father of science's music. JEN GRAVES

MONDAY 4/4

Bane, Twitching Tongues, Axis, Safe and Sound, Greg Bennick

(El Corazón) When this tour is over, there will be two main things for which Boston-based band Bane will be remembered: inspiring hundreds of crew-cut-wearing hardcore kids to risk life and limb as they dive wildly

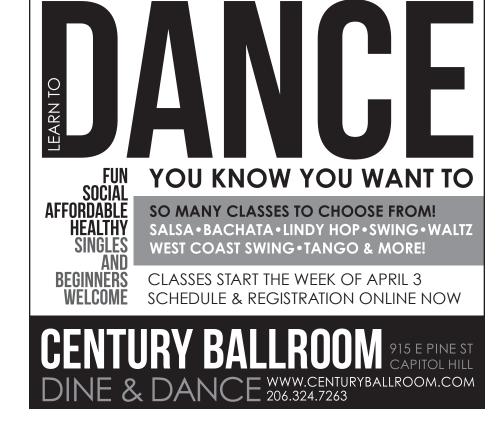
from the stage into a sea of sweat-drenched youth, screaming along to every word that vocalist Aaron Bedard barks into the microphone, and their simple yet bold BANE zip-up hoodie that every third person wears proudly at fests around the world. This is the final farewell tour of a well-loved hardcore band that was a key player in the explosion of the sound in the late '90s and early '00s. Experience your final stage dive. **KEVIN DIERS**

TUESDAY 4/5

Generation Axe: A Night of Guitars: Steve Vai, Zakk Wylde, Yngwie Malmsteen. Nuno Bettencourt, Tosin Abasi

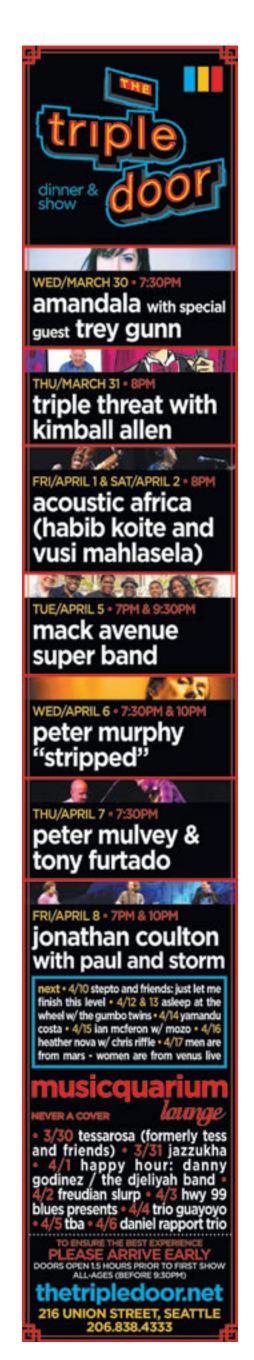
(Paramount, all ages) OH MY GOD! All y'all formerly hair-piled-high butt-rock fans need to take note of this Generation Axe show. Dig the players—all of whom are guitarguably the best metal has to offer: Steve "Little Italian" Vai; Zakk Wylde, who is best known for playing, rather SLAYING with Ozzy; Yngwie Malmsteen, still the king of hammeron/pull-offs; Extreme's Nuno Bettencourt; and relative new player Tosin Abasi, formerly of progressive-metal group Animals as Leaders. This lineup of guitarsonists looks like a proper guitarmageddon. No doubt they will be emptying their guitarsenals of their heaviest guitartillery and guitarmaments of riffin', shreddin', and the deepest of whammy-bar dives. I'd be sure to hold back on using a full can of hairspray on getting them bangs so high, 'cause this show is gonna be FIRE. MIKE NIPPER















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WED 04/96

SAT 04/09

WEB DA/13

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KRACKLEFEST 6:

GEEKS WHO DRINK

and Milk Teeth, 6 pm, \$15/\$18

> Mic: Guests, 7 pm, free **© FREMONT ABBEY** Birds Of Chicago, 8 pm, \$15/\$18 THE FUNHOUSE Gamblers Mark, Raw Dogs, The Crossroads Exchange, and Jackrabbit Starts, 9 pm

> HIGH DIVE
> Psychedelephant, The Wet **HIGHLINE** Victims, Death Raid, VHS, Jæng, 9 pm, \$8-\$10

> * NECTAR Masta Ace. Porter Ray, Relic aka Rel McCoy, Mr. Hi-Def, and DJ Ice Man, 8 pm, \$13 NEPTUNE THEATRE Yung Lean, 8 pm, \$20

> ★ NEUMOS Ra Ra Riot: Ra Ra Riot, PWR BTTM, And The Kids, 8 pm, \$18

Guests, 9 pm, free

THE ROYAL ROOM The SHOWBOX SODO Underoath and Caspian, 7:30 pm, \$25

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Open Mic, 8:30 pm, free SOUND CHECK BAR & CRILL Open Mic, 8 pm substation Cake "Alchemy", Ibex, and Fragile Weapons, 8 pm SUNSET TAVERN Jared &

TPACTOP TAVEPN Nevada

TRIPLE DOOR

AMANDALA and Trey Gunn,
7:30 pm, \$15/\$18

THINGS TO DO MUSIC

All the Shows Happening This Week

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★ = Recommended

All Ages

WED 3/30

LIVE MUSIC

3 88 KEYS Musicians' Jam, 8 pm, free

BARBOZA Methyl Ethel, 8

BLUE MOON TAVERN Open Mic With Linda Lee. 8 pm BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN Live Music: Guests, 8 pm CENTRAL LIBRARY

First Folio: Elizabethan Instrumental Music by Seattle Historical Arts for Kids, 12-1 pm

CENTRAL SALOON Holiday Friends, Tuft, The Raven and The Writing Desk, 8

CROCODILE Yuck, Big Thief, Electric NoNo, 8

DARRELL'S TAVERN Open Mic: Guests, 9 pm, free © EL CORAZON Citizen, Turnover, Sorority Noise,

O FIX COFFEEHOUSE Open

Secrets, and Morning Glory Revival, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8

J&M CAFE The Lonnie Williams Band, 8 pm, free LITTLE RED HEN Karaoke LO-FI Alex Baron Trio, Mannequin BBQ, and Honeybear-Lite, 8 pm, \$7 LUCKY LIQUOR Junkyard Amy Lee, the Slow Poisoner, and Howlin' Houndog, 9

OHANA Live Island Music Guests, 9:30 pm OWL N'THISTLE Justin and

PARAGON Two Buck Chuck,

THE SHOWBOX Rachel Platten, Eric Hutchinson & Hunter Hunted, 8 pm, \$20/\$25

The Mill, 7:30 pm, \$13

Backwards, Blackheart Honeymoon, and The Wayside, 8 pm, \$8

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Tessarosa, 8:30 pm

VICTORY LOUNGE Winnebago, Vacationeer, and Little Child Man, 9 pm, \$8

JAZZ

CONOR BYRNE Happy Orchestra, 9 pm

O IAZZ ALLEY Davina & The Vagabonds, 7:30 pm, \$25.50 ROCKFISH GRILL Swinanuts, 6 pm

sarajevo Lounge Gypsy Jazz Music, 8 pm

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks **CHOP SUEY** Duran Duran Party: Durandy and DJ Scott Kathan, 8 pm

CONTOUR NuDe Wednesdays, 9 pm, free

HAVANA Wicked & Wild: DJ SoulOne, ZJ Redman, and Selecta Element, free: \$5 after 10 p.m.

NEIGHBOURS Exposed: DJ Trent Von and DJ Dirty Bit **★ Q NIGHTCLUB** Wave

Racer and Cosmo's Midnight, 9 pm, \$11 Wednesday: Guests

THURS 3/31

LIVE MUSIC CAFE RACER Caroline

★ CHOP SUEY Tacocat,

Ononos, Mommy Long Legs, and Erik Blood, 9 pm, \$10

* COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Best Open Mic Ever, 7:30 pm, free CONOR BYRNE Isaac Pierce & Ten Speed Music, Pitchhouse, and The Parade Schedule, 8 pm

★ ② CROCODILE Denzel Curry 2055: The Ult Experience, 8 pm, \$15

O DOWNPOUR BREWING Open Mic Night, 5 pm, free
EL CORAZON MC Chris, Nathan Anderson, and Billy the Fridge, 8 pm, \$15/\$18 THE FUNHOUSE American Pinup, Shiver Twins, and We the Wild, 8 pm, \$8/\$10

GHOSTFISH BREWING **COMPANY** George Grissom HIGH DIVE Wooky, Kinky Rhino, The Breaking, and Tobias the Owl, 8:30 pm,

* HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Magma Fest: Underpass, Mourning Coup, Annex, and Arcane, 8 pm

\$6/\$8

J&M CAFE True Romans, 8 pm, free

• JAZZ ALLEY Ruben Studdard, 7:30 pm, \$33.50 KREMWERK False Prophet and Actual Pain Present Pictureplane and Guests, 8 pm, \$8/\$10 I.ANDMARK CONVENTION

CENTER Intermezzo: An Early Spring Soirée with World Class Musicians and Singers, 6:30 pm, \$75/\$85 NECTAR The Main Squeeze, Rippin Chicken, and Jelly Bread, 9 pm, \$10/\$15 **NEPTUNE THEATRE** Poliça and Clara-Nova, 8 pm, \$18.50/\$20.50

★ NEUMOS The Moondoggies, COHO, and Tape Stacks, 8 pm, \$10

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE Blue Man Group, \$35-\$114 O THE ROYAL ROOM LOW Tones, Sirens of Seattle, 7:30 pm, \$10, Champagne Honey Bee, Jazmarae Beebe, and Evie B., 8 pm

scratch DeLI Music Open Mic, 7:30 pm, Free SEAMONSTER Marmalade

SHOWBOX SODO Dark Star Orchestra, 8 pm. \$25/\$30

★ THE SHOWBOX Wolfmother and Deap Vally, 9 nm \$25/\$28

O STONE WAY CAFE Open Mic: Guests, 7:30 pm Presents Signature, 7 pm, \$15/\$20

Charlie Parr and Michael Wohl, 9 pm, \$15

O VASHON OPEN
SPACE FOR ARTS AND **COMMUNITY** Makana, 7 pm, \$18/\$24

JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca: Phil Sparks Trio, Adam Kessler, and Guests, 9 pm, free **OSTERIA LA SPIGA** Jazz at La Spiga: Guests, 7 pm PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac,

O SHUGA IAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm TULA'S The New Triumph, 7:30 pm, \$10

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback Thursdays: DJ Tamm of KISS fm. 9 pm

BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat: DJ Bret Law, \$3 CONTOUR Jaded: Guests

★ HAVANA Sophisticated JAZZBONES College Night:

DJ Christyle, 9 pm NEIGHBOURS Revolution: DJ Marty Mar and Michael Kutt

OHANA '80s Ladies Night O NIGHTCLUB Studio 4/4: Option4, Brian Lyons, Kinda, and Simon Thwaits, 9 pm-2 am, \$10

R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays

SPACE NEEDLE Satellite: An Evening of Music, Art, Genius, and Drinks at the Space Needle, 8 pm TRINITY Beer Pong

FRI 4/1

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free

• amandine bakeshop Friday Lounge: Beanone BARBOZA Sup Pop Turns 28: Cullen Omori, Porter Ray, and Kyle Craft, 7 pm, \$12 O BENAROYA HALL

Makana, 8 pm, \$25-\$35 BLUE MOON TAVERN Skates!, Haybaby, Garlic Man & Chikn, and Best Band From Earth, 9 pm CENTRAL SALOON Furniture Girls, Estocar, and The Loveless Building, 8 pm, \$5

CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Kaley Lane Eaton, 8 pm, \$5-\$15 donation CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 CHOP SUEY Goldroom Live. 8 pm. \$12

★ COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Lumineers, 6-9:30 pm, \$200
CONOR BYRNE Poor Mans Whiskey, 9 pm, \$15 © CROCODILE Little Green Cars and John Mark Nelson,

8 pm, \$13

EDMONDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS Loudon Wainwright III, 7:30 pm, \$29-\$39

★ ② EL CORAZON Decibel Magazine Tour, 7:25 pm, \$27.50-\$30

HIGH DIVE Band It Seattle. HIGHLINE Snog, The

Labyrinth, and Science & The Beat, 9 pm, \$15-\$20

O JAZZ ALLEY Ruben Studdard, 7:30 pm, \$33.50

INSTITUTE Freshest Roots: Expresso Open Mic, 7 pm,

NECTAR The Mother Hips and Flowmotion, 9 pm, \$12/\$16

NW FORTRESS Snuff Redux and Friends, 8 pm

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE Blue Man Group, \$35-\$114 THE ROYAL ROOM

SEAMONSTER Live Funk: Guests, 10 pm, free SHOWBOX SODO Killswitch Engage, Memphis May Fire, 36 Crazyfists, and

THE SHOWBOX Atlas Genius, Skylar Grey and Secret Weapons, 8 pm, \$17/\$20

\$27.75/\$30

STUDIO SEVEN FilthFest

SUBSTATION The Bose Troubadour Tour: Jamie Kent, Megan Slankard, Jeff Campbell, and Matthew Szlachetka, 5 pm, \$12/\$15 **SUNSET TAVERN** Big Wheel

Stunt Show, Shagnastry, and RootJack, 9 pm, \$10 TIM'S TAVERN Jackson's Oddities and Eagle and

Hawk **★ TRACTOR TAVERN** The Wild Feathers and The Shelters, 9 pm. \$17

★ ② TRIPLE DOOR Acoustic Africa: Habib Koite and Vusi Mahlasela, 8 pm, \$27/\$30/\$37

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Danny Godinez, 5 pm, The Dieliyah Band, 9 pm

O VERA PROJECT Acid Dad, 8:30 pm, \$8/\$10 VICTORY LOUNGE Snuggle, Wiscon, Fallopia, and Listen Lady, 9 pm, \$8

LATONA PUB Phil Sparks Trio, 5 pm

ASTON MANOR Cabaret

JAZZ

Fridays: Guests BALLROOM Rendezvous Friday: Guests, 9 pm **BALMAR** Top 40, 9:30 pm,

★ BALTIC ROOM Juicy: '90s & 2000s Old School Throwbacks, \$10

★ CUFF DJs, 10 pm, free ★ HATTIE'S HAT Hella

Dope: DJ Sidlicious and DJ Mizzo, 10 pm, free HAVANA Viva Havana, 9

JAZZBONES Filthy Fridays: Guests, 11 pm, \$10 KREMWERK Foolish MTBTZ, SenSaSean, Altesse, and Hydef, 9 pm, \$10 LO-FI DUG: Rare Funk

NEIGHBOURS Absolut

Dance Party, 9 pm, \$7 MERCURY Gasp: JQ, 9

THINGS TO DO All the Shows Happening This Week

OHANA DJs, 10 pm, free OZZIE'S DJs. 9 pm. free

★ PONY Beefcake Q NIGHTCLUB Autoerotique: Alex Bosi, Koister, and Rion, 10 pm,

\$15 R PLACE Swollen Fridays, 9 pm

* RE-BAR EPIC: Pezzner. 11

pm. \$12 **STOUT** DJ ePop, 9 pm **SUBSTATION** Substation Superheroes, 10 pm, \$10 THERAPY LOUNGE Under Pressure, 9:30 pm, \$3 after 10:30 p.m.

TRINITY Power Fridays,

CLASSICAL

O RESONANCE AT SOMA **TOWERS** First Friday Salon: Music For Two Pianos, 8 pm, \$20-\$40

SAT 4/2

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show, 8 pm, free

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Seattle Houserockers, free BLUE MOON TAVERN Cecil Moses & The SGs, and Yada Yada Blues Band

CAFE RACER Brian O'Brian,

CENTERSTAGE Signed, Sealed, Delivered: The Stevie Wonder Songbook, 8 pm. \$30

CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Keith Eisenbrey, 8 pm, \$5-\$15 donation

CLUB HOLLYWOOD
CASINO Johnny and the
Bad Boys and DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Lissie, 9 pm, \$19-\$20

CONOR BYRNE Sundoa The Good Wives, and Radar, 9 pm, \$8

CROCODILE TRL: Spring Break Edition: DJ Indica Jones, DJ Lo Knows, and #ALL4DORAS, 9 pm, \$7

EL CORAZON Black Pussy nd Chrome Lakes, 9 pm \$8/\$10

THE FUNHOUSE My Body Sings Electric, Good Graeff, Moments, and Beneath the Spin Light, 7:30 pm, \$10-\$12 HIGH DIVE Seeds of Venus, Devils Hunt Me Down, and Dirty Dirty, 9 pm, \$7

★ HIGHLINE Narrows Sandrider, and Big Trughk, 9 pm, \$10-\$12

HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Chung Antique, Ostraca, and Eduardo Fernández. 8:30 pm, \$7

HOUNDS TOOTH PUBLIC HOUSE Vito & The One-Eved Jacks CD Release

Show, 9 pm

O JAZZ ALLEY Ruben Studdard, 7:30 pm, \$33.50

★ ② KEYARENA Ellie

Goulding, \$30-\$60 ★ KREMWERK Arthaus 2.0, 7 pm, \$7

LO-FI In Letter Form, Blicky Strap On Halo, and DJ Coldheart, 9 pm, \$7

★ NECTAR BowieVision, 8 pm, \$15

* NEPTUNE THEATRE J Dilla Tribute, 8 pm, \$33.50-\$75

NEUMOS The Joy Formidable and Everything Everything, 8 pm, \$20-\$53.11

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE Blue Man Group, \$35-\$114 **RENDEZVOUS** Crazy Eyes, Kid Leather, The Bismarck, and Pink Muscles, 8 pm, \$6/\$8

THE ROYAL ROOM 14/48: BoomBox, 10 pm, \$15/\$20 **★ ② THE SHOWBOX** Hey Marseilles, Hibou, and Maiah Manser, 9 pm,

SUBSTATION Blood Flood. A Townsmen Echo, The Mondegreens, and Nolan Ford, 8 pm

SUNSET TAVERN Stubborn Son, Kool Stuff Katie, and

The Echo Echo Echos, 9 pm, \$10

O TED BROWN MUSIC Afro Latino Drum and Rhyth Circle/Class, 10 am, \$10 TIM'S TAVERN Woodland nd The Busy Wild TRACTOR TAVERN Red

★ ② TRIPLE DOOR Acoustic Africa: Habib Koite and Vusi Mahlasela, 8 pm, \$27/\$30/\$37

Elvises, 9 pm, \$15

ASTON MANOR NRG Saturdays: Guests BALLARD LOFT Hiphop Saturdays, 10 pm BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night:

Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays, 10 pm

BARBOZA Inferno: DJ Swervewon and Guests, 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10 after

BUCKLEY'S IN BELLTOWN '90s Dance Party, 9 pm **CHOP SUEY** Dance Yourself Clean, 9 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m.

CORBU LOUNGE Saturday Night Live ★ CUFF DJs, 10 pm, free

HAVANA Havana Social, 9 pm, \$15 **★ KREMWERK**HouseQuake: Riz Rollins,

Spaceotter, and Mr. Linden, . 10 pm. \$8 MERCURY Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Powermix OHANA DJs. 10 pm. free

OZZIE'S DJs, 9 pm, free R PLACE Therapy Saturday RE-BAR Night Crush, 10:30 SARAJEVO LOUNGE Night: Guests

STOUT DJ ePop, 9 pm THERAPY LOUNGE This Modern Love: Guests TRINITY Reload Saturdays: Rise Over Run and DJ Nug, \$0-\$10

CLASSICAL

O CHRIST EPISCOPAL **CHURCH** Fortepiano & Flute, 7:30 pm, donation ICICLE CREEK CENTER FOR THE ARTS Madama Butterfly, \$12-\$24

★ ② MCCAW HALL Everything Broadway: Seattle Men's Chorus,

SUN 4/3

LIVE MUSIC

★ BARBOZA Prince Rama Dinner, Jabon, 8 pm, \$10 BLUE MOON TAVERN Gepetto's Retribution,
Shelby Lanterman, and Dos

CENTRAL LIBRARY First Folio: Renaissance Music and Dance by Seattle Historical Arts for Kids, 4-5 pm

O CHOP SUEY Foxing, O'Brother, Tancred, and Adjy, 7 pm, \$12.50/\$15

EL CORAZON Twisted Machine, The Underground Channel, Nervous Factor, and Taotie, 8:30 pm, \$15-**© EL GAUCHO** Paul

Richardson, 6 pm, free **THE FUNHOUSE** Yosef and Faint Peter, 8 pm, \$6-\$8 **HIGH DIVE** We Buy Gold, The Skins, and Captain Wails & The Harpoons, 8:30 pm, \$6/\$8

* HIGHLINE Oxbow, Thrones, Cornelius Asperger & The Bicurious Unicorns, Great Falls, 9 pm, \$12-\$14 • JAZZ ALLEY Ruben Studdard, 7:30 pm, \$33.50

LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy, 4 pm LO-FI La Fin Absolute Du le, freeze, This Soil

is Diseased, and Guests, 8 pm, \$7

★ NECTAR A Talking Heads Tribute featuring Life During Wartime, 8:30 pm, \$10

O NEUMOS Anders Osborne, Sister Sparrow, and the Dirty Birds, 7 pm, \$22

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE Blue Man Group, \$35-\$114 RENDEZVOUS Duane Peters Gunfight, the Crap, Dreadful Children, and Tough Times, 8 pm, \$10

6 STUDIO SEVEN The Alumni Fest, 4:30 pm,

SUNSET TAVERN Richie Dagger's Crime, Vacationeer, Eastern Souvenirs, 8 pm, \$8 TIM'S TAVERN Seattle

Songwriter Showcase **O TOWN HALL** Seattle Rock Orchestra Social Club, 7 pm, \$12-\$20

TRACTOR TAVERN Casey Donahew Band and Kasey Tyndall 8 pm \$13 50 VERA PROJECT Glass Frames, Zuli, Wall of Ears, and Coma Figura, 8 pm, \$8

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions, free **DARRELL'S TAVERN** Sunday Night Jazz Jam, 8 pm, free • HARISSA Sunday Bossa Nova, 6 pm, free SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Shuga Sundays, 7:30 pm

★ ② TULA'S Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8 ★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, The Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays, 10 pm CONTOUR Broken Grooves: Guests, free CORBU LOUNGE Salsa

Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm
NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina PONY TeaDance, 4 pm R PLACE Homo Hop: Guests **★ RE-BAR** Flammable, 9

* REVOLVER BAR No Exit:

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS BPA Chamber Series: Mostly Mozart, 3 pm, \$10/\$12 ICICLE CREEK CENTER FOR THE ARTS Madama Butterfly, \$12-\$24

★ ② MCCAW HALL Everything Broadway: Seattle Men's Chorus,

★ Ø ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL Compline Choir, 9:30 pm, free O TOWN HALL The Life

and Times of Galileo. 1 pm, \$6/\$12, Redemption: Seattle Festival Orchestra, 2 pm, \$12-\$20, Seattle Rock Orchestra Social Club, 7 pm, \$12-\$20

MON 4/4

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Blues On Tap, free CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos, 9:30 pm CHOP SUEY GGNZLA Karaoke in the Den, 9 pm COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Leigh Nash and The W Lovers, Shelby Lanterman, 6:30 pm, 8 pm, \$12

© CROCODILE Freddie Gibbs, ILLFIGHTYOU, and Chaz French, 8 pm, \$20 ★ ② EL CORAZON Bane, Twitching Tongues, Axis, Safe and Sound, and Greg

Bennick, 7 pm, \$12-\$15 **EL GAUCHO** Paul Richardson, 6 pm, free HIGHLINE Leather Strip Ludovico, Technique, and Blakk Glass, 9 pm, \$15-\$20 LITTLE RED HEN Karaoke

LO-FI KA, Spirit Host, Shadow Age, and Blackpool Astronomy, 8 pm, \$7 LUCKY LIQUOR Sid Law

RENDEZVOUS Sollem Den, Dreamrepeat, Lech, 7:30 pm, \$6

THE ROYAL ROOM The Royal Room Collective Music Ensemble and The Salute Sessions, 7:30 pm **SUNSET TAVERN** Operators and Bogan Via. 8 nm

★ TRACTOR TAVERN Escondido and Guests. 8 pm, \$10

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Sessions, 9 pm, free

JAZZ

TULA'S David Arteaga, 7:30 pm, \$15

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman and DJ Element, 9 pm

* BAR SUE Motown on Mondays, 10 pm, free **★ THE HIDEOUT** Industry

Standard, free ★ MOE BAR Moe Bar PONY Fruit, 9 pm, free

TUE 4/5

LIVE MUSIC

88 KEYS Seatown Allstars, 8 pm, free

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse CHOP SUEY Breezy Manner: DJ Veins & Fentar, somesur prises, 9 pm, \$5

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Songhoy Blues, 7 pm, \$12 **CONOR BYRNE** Country EL CORAZON Verb Slingers: Guests, 3 pm THE FUNHOUSE Little

Fixtures, Shagnasty, LoudMotor, and Fast and Friendly, 8 pm, By Donation HIGH DIVE Hedensk, Bogi, Affexion, WMD, 8:30 pm, \$8/\$10

1&M CAFE All-Star Acoustic Tuesdays: Guests, 9 pm, free THE OULD TRIANGLE Open Mic: Guests, 8 pm, free PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free

★ ② PARAMOUNT THEATRE Generation Axe: A Night of Guitars, 7:30 pm, \$45-\$95 THE ROYAL ROOM Ovando, Sneaky Bones, and David Guilbault, 7:30 pm, \$10 SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio, 11 pm, free SHOWBOX SODO The

Used and The New Regime, 8 pm, \$30/\$33.50

★ SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Baby Ketten Karaoke, 9 pm, free TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic: Linda Lee, 8 pm

TRACTOR TAVERN
Luther Dickinson & The
Cooperators and Jim
Lauderdale, 8 pm, \$20

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Omar Sosa's Quarteto Afrocubano, 7:30 pm, \$29.50

OWL N'THISTLE Jazz with Eric Verlinde, 10 pm, free

* THE ROYAL ROOM Delvon Lamarr, 10 pm TRIPLE DOOR Mack Avenue Super Band, 9:30 pm, \$30-\$50

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays: Guests, 10 pm **★** BLUE MOON TAVERN

Blue Moon Vinyl Reviva Tuesdays, 8 pm, free CONTOUR Burn 9 pm free CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX Wave & Goth, 10 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m

★ HAVANA Real Love '90s BlesOne and Jay Battle, \$3; free before 11 p.m. MERCURY Die: Black Maru and Major Tom, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up: Vogue: DJ Lightray ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays:









Dinner service everyday 5-11pm





THE HEADSPACE TOUR

APRIL 15 | 9:00PM

APRIL 21 | 8:301

SHOWBOX SODO

APRIL 1 8:00PM

APRIL 8 9:00PM

with FRANK TURNER + THE SLEEPING SOULS

AUGUST 1 8:30PM

APRIL 17 | 8:00PM



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ALBUM REVIEWS

A New Hope The Force Awakens 333 Return of the Jedi All Other Star Wars Films



TACOCAT Lost Time (Hardly Art) 3333

To paraphrase William Shakespeare, some bands are born pop-punk, some achieve pop-punkness, and some have pop-punkness thrust upon them. There's something about the form, consecrated between the poles of the original Nuggets compilation and the Buzzcocks Spiral Scratch EP that makes it equally available to all young bands to pour themselves into, allowing individual expression to emerge in the context of a familiar set of sounds, structures, and rules.

In the case of Tacocat, the familiarity of melodic pop songs cut with some element of punk something has been a massively useful framework for containing the humor, creativity, and expressive zeal that explodes out of the band's every gesture like thermal energy out of sparklers.

If their 2014 album NVM found their songs catching up with their band-ness, the new record, Lost Time, shows them taking the essential next step of allowing their grasp of the punky pop song form to get a little looser, weirder, more eccentric. The songs ("Dana Katherine Scully," "FDP") are mega catchy, of course, and funny ("Men Explain Things to Me," "Horse Girls"), duh, but the eccentricity is most blazingly evident in the super-distinctive vocal melodies, which loop-de-loop around Emily Nokes's lower register like a stunt pilot. They work as hooks, but in the least obvious way.

The unobviousness leads them into new terrain, like the song "Talk," which deals with emotional breakdown (and possibly OCD or speed benders) with a depth that's (uh) deepened by the low curlicues of melody through which the manic refrain "Together, together, alone / Stay true, true to your phone" snake.

Despite and because of this ambition, when the band comes together for the undeniably anthemic chorus of the pro-apocalypse should've-been-a-hit-on-120-Minutes-in-1995"I Love Seattle"—the perfect score for a tourism commercial the city would never have the nerve to commission ("Earthquake, tsunami, there's still no place I'd rather be")—you feel all the more excited to sing along. SEAN NELSON

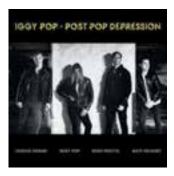


TORTOISE The Catastrophist (Thrill Jockey) 1112

Standard-bearers of the nebulous post-rock movement, Tortoise have had an unpredictable 25-year career trajectory, with standouts like Tortoise, Millions Now Living Will Never Die, and Beacons of Ancestorship thankfully outweighing mediocre efforts such as TNT and It's All Around You. (It should be noted that even at their blandest, Tortoise still sound fascinatingly innocuous.) The Catastrophist, while not on the level of the self-titled debut or Beacons, adds another positive chapter to Tortoise's gnomic saga of cerebral genre fusions.

What sets the new album apart from its predecessors is the presence of vocals and a very unlikely cover... of David Essex's 1973 glam-dub radio staple "Rock On." Tortoise lured U.S. Maple's Todd Rittmann to croon the one-hit wonder's meta lyrics about rock and film iconography while they smudge the original's spare, exquisitely tense poise. Tortoise almost replicate Essex session man Herbie Flowers's ocean's-bottom bass pressure, while Rittmann invests the sparse lyrics with a half-jocular dramatic intonation. Don't worry—Tortoise drop in the requisite dubwise whooshes, cymbal crashes, and disorienting backing vocals. The other voicecentric track, "Yonder Blue," features Yo La Tengo's Georgia Hubley singing a sentimental ballad that shimmers and shrugs like something by her own band in pensive mode. It's a nice deviation from Tortoise's prevalent professorial gravitas.

Much of The Catastrophist stems from a 2010 commission by the City of Chicago to create music based in its associations with the region's renowned jazz and improv scenes. Which means that most of it sounds like serious music made for other serious musicians. It takes three or four listens before the chiseled, oblong contours of these compositions, with their restrained climaxes and poker-faced diminuendos, come into focus. You're left wondering how-and sometimes why-Tortoise conceived these structures, but you're almost always impressed by their complexity and solemn beauty. However, "Shake Hands with Danger," a menacing Bronto stomp underpinned by stirring metallic percussion and triumphant guitar and keyboard motifs, is Tortoise's "Kashmir"; instant gratification, at last! DAVE SEGAL



IGGY POP Post Pop Depression (Loma Vista)

A morbid sensibility lies just under the easy rock surface of $\operatorname{Post}\operatorname{Pop}\operatorname{Depression}$, the newest album by Iggy Pop. It's the first after the death of his friend and collaborator David Bowie, whose ghost seems to haunt the album. most conspicuously in the vocals. When Pop sings, "Death is the pill that's hard to swallow," the melancholy brushes up against the sheen provided by Queens of the Stone Age guitarist and superproducer Josh Homme.

Homme excels at making records that sound like authentic classic rock albums dug up from some lost 1970s vault. But he tends to make the same classic rock album every time. When it goes well, you get one of Homme's own albums. When it goes badly, you get the Artic Monkeys album Humbug. Post Pop Depression lands in the

When Pop hits a great lyrical turn of phrase, Post Pop Depression charms like his 1977 breakout Lust for Life. To wit: "When you get to the bottom you're near the top/ Where shit turns into chocolate drops." The last two tracks, "Chocolate Drops" included, are the best. On "Paraguay," Homme and Pop find their balance. The two lead an a cappella blues chant before the track kicks in—"Wild animals they do / never wonder why / just do what they goddamn do"-that could serve as a mission statement for both the album and Pop himself. That statement is all the more welcome when it returns. when Pop degenerates into the paranoid spoken-word rant that's been percolating for the 40 minutes preceding it. JOSEPH SCHAEFER



PRIMAL SCREAM Chaosmosis (First International)

Primal Scream play rock music, though you'd be forgiven for not thinking so. Their newest record, Chaosmosis, presents itself as a jubilant, if dated, blend of light pop and electronica. This shouldn't come as news. Originally British indie also-rans. Primal Scream didn't develop a strong identity until they discovered synthesizers and drum loops. It's hardly a unique approach: The Stone Roses did it first, and U2 did it with more money on their maligned (but awesome) Pop album, Still, Primal Scream probably did it best, especially on XTRMN-TR, which still sounds aggressive and modern 16 years later.

And XTRMNTR this ain't. Mellow and happy, Chaosmosis resembles my imagined version of the scrapped record U2 made with RedOne, the producer of Lady Gaga's first LP. A song called "(Feeling Like A) Demon Again" ought not sound so much like Sunday

The less Bobby Gillespie sings, the better it is-he's accompanied by backup singers or a second distorted voice most of the time. The young women of Haim bring out the best in his limited, reedy delivery in "100% or Nothing" and "Trippin' on Your Love." "Where the Light Gets In" shines brightest thanks to Sky Ferreira. The collaborations are highlights but also perform better as platforms for these young starlets. The closer, "Autumn in Paradise," though, is pure Primal Scream, a linear piece of narcotic joy driven by a chirping keyboard and bass counterpoint. JOSEPH SCHAEFER

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MY PHILOSOPHY A COLUMN ABOUT HIPHOP



MALIK "PHIFE DAWG" TAYLOR $Dead\ at\ 45.$

Imperfection and Determined Improvement Were the Keys to Phife Dawg's Greatness

BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

Every rap head

of a certain age I

know is hurt.

Power.

"Yo—microphone check, one-two, what is on Tribe's debut just featured Q-Tip) to equal

ot many rap verses have *ever* started better. What else is there to say: RIP to Malik "Phife Dawg" Taylor from A Tribe Called Quest. Tribe was a lot of people's first rap group and a lot of people's Greatest Rap Group of All Time, and Phife was every bit as essential to their immeasurable impact on hiphop—I don't have the words to calculate Tribe's cultural footprint, and it's huge enough that I don't need to—as the rest of their Holy Trinity (Q-Tip and Ali Shaheed Muhammad, duh, but no dis intended to Jarobi, the fourman crew's "sometimes Y"). Maybe since Phife was rap's premier sports superfan, it would be better to invoke the legendary "tri-

offense"—except everybody knows what a lifelong Knicks fan he was.

And everybody remembers Busta Rhymes on "Scenario"—actually, most people born before 1988 probably know at

least 75 percent of that song—and generally acknowledge that Bus is not just one of the greatest cleanup men ever in the game, but invented it as a thing. However, the role of "first up to bat," the seal-breaker, the moodsetter, is equally important, and the Trini Gladiator was one of the best—on "Butter," on "Scenario." He knew stakes was high on what was to be hiphop's greatest posse cut of all time, and he had to bring it hard, hard as those Mitch Mitchell drums, hard as two-day-old shit. Bo has known ever since. His most iconic intro is, of course, on "Buggin' Out," the quote that starts this column. That verse got him Hip-Hop Quotable in the Source, back when that really meant something to cats.

Phife, and this always stuck out to me, was a study in determined improvement. He went from hardly-there sidekick (most of the songs

partner (Phife Diggy held down half of their follow-up). He went from "I'm gobblin' like a doggone turkey" on People's Instinctive Travels to "I never walk the street thinking it's all about me / even though deep in my heart, it really could be" on Low End, quite possibly the first instance of the humblebrag. He didn't gradually become a better rapper, he did so fairly quickly, and it was explicitly because he had something to prove.

This is just one of Phife's subtle lessons: because even though self-improvement is preached to death in rap, it's usually only through the narrowest of paths—chaching—and too rarely demonstrated by an objectively refined artistic approach. That is to say, $most\ of\ y$ 'all $wack\ and\ uninterest$ -

 $ing\ mother fuckers\ tend\ to$ stay as wack and uninteresting as you ever were. That's not the attributes of an MC.

Malik the Five-Foot Freak was cheerily crass ("Seaman's Furniture,"

etc.) and self-deprecating in a way that spoke to me: When Tip said, "Damn, Phife, you got fat"—Phife replied, "Yeah, I know it looks pathetic." I related to this on a cellular, glandular level. Always striving to better himself, though, he admitted (in syllable-perfect style) that Ali Shaheed Muhammad had him doing calisthenics. As of this writing, I haven't heard exactly why Phife passed at 45 years of age, but the health issues of the "funky diabetic" were well covered in Michael Rappaport's Beats, Rhymes & Life documentary, which we're all going to be rewatching now. Every rap head of a certain age I know is hurt, posting their favorite Tribe songs and Phife lyrics. His days of payin' dues been over. Rest in

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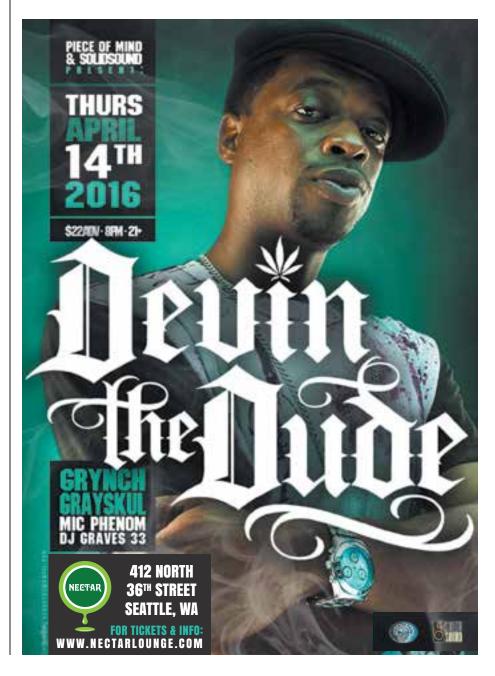
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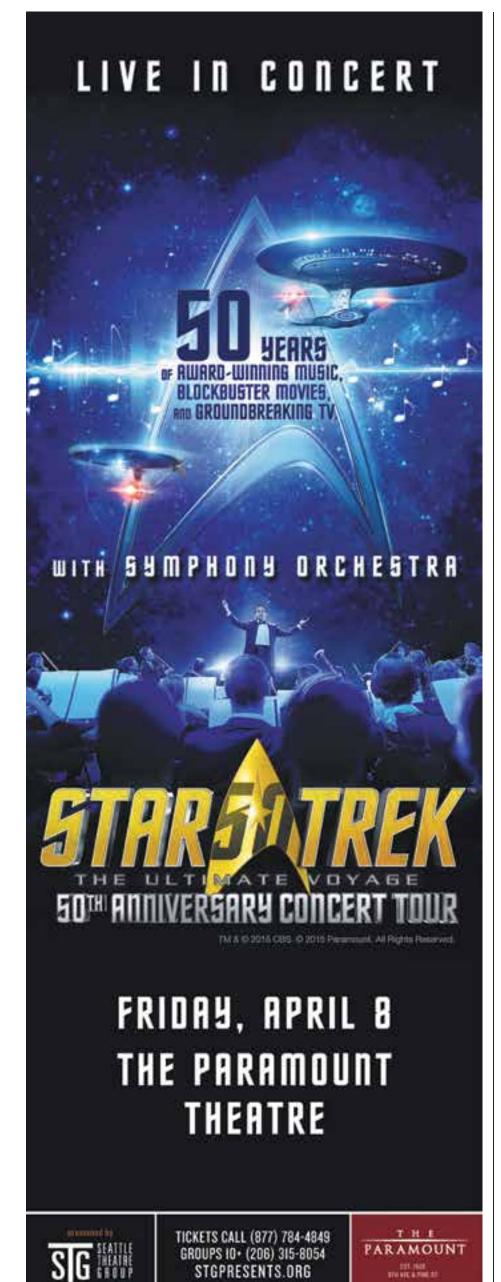
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Sarah Rudinoff's Solo Show Is Like a Live-Action, Bizarro-World **Facebook Page**

BY RICH SMITH

he hallway you use to enter On the Boards' downstairs theater, where Sarah Rudinoff's NowNowNow is running, is lined with paintings by Jodi Brown of iPhone selfies of Rudinoff. If you're running late and want to get a drink real quick but also want to avoid that one person and end up making a beeline for your seat, you might miss them. But when you go to this show, and you should, be sure to walk slowly through that hallway and give the art a look.

The paintings quietly announce one of the main anxieties that drive Rudinoff's show: legitimacy. The self-portrait is now the selfie. The landscape is now the self-congratulatory summit pic. The bowl of fruit is the pricey brunch pic. The power of making a painting of

an iPhone selfie lies in the pathos of an older form of selfexpression seeking legitimacy (by way of relevance) from a younger form of self-expression, and at the same time showing how much more skill and thought and compassion it takes to paint a picture than to feel a *feeling*

and snap a corresponding selfie. It's the sadness of radio interviewing the video star.

This artistic quandary points to an existential one: How does a self find a sense of legitimacy in a world where social media has—by simultaneously inflating and democratizing the ego—so diminished the self?

Instead of painting, the old art that Rudinoff practices is—to the delight of us all—performance. Like Dante, Rudinoff's autobiographical character has found herself in the middle of the journey of her life, lost in a dark wood of self-expression. Performance is her escape route, but in a forest where Twitter, Facebook, etc. have reduced performances of selves to an endless reel of Kelvin-filtered \$30 small plates and vacay pics to South America, she isn't feeling too good about the value of her training and her work.

At one point in the show, Rudinoff imagines a Facebook 2, a place where some algorithm would take even the unfortunate facts of your life—the stubbed toe, the weird lunches, the false thought, the QFC receipts—and spit them up on your wall. This dream is exactly what Rudinoff presents in her show. She stands onstage with her iPhone (the screen is projected on the wall behind her), showing us her meditation podcasts, her Spotify playlists, and her increasing sense that the joys of the imaginative life pale in comparison to the quotidian onslaught of lonelinesses, shames, and overbearing mothers.

Throughout the show, which is structured sort of like an artful stand-up set governed by YouTube rabbit-hole logic and associative leaping, she confesses her shallow thoughts (e.g., she sometimes looks at her own Facebook profile as if she were someone else to determine whether she'd like herself), interrupts her attempts at meditation by trying to search for the best meditation music, and runs around the stage taking expert selfies.

Her language, the sharpness and speed of her thought, her comedic timing, the strength of her one-liners, and her absurd pantomiming are all the evidence you need

that Rudinoff's brilliance should be tweeted and retweeted unto eternity. Let me give you just one flower from that field. At one point, she coyly wonders why you can gain weight if you eat a whole box of cookies in one sitting but not if vou stretch out



NowNowNow Through April 3

the cookie-eating over the course of several weeks. Her answer wraps a deep truth in a funny package: "You can fuck with time, but not with the cookies," she says, "the cookies are real." Her performance of perfunctory performance ends up being so moving that she reminds you—as the paintings of selfies in the hallway do-how much skill, thought, and compassion goes into creating a performance.

Does this show sound like a woe-is-me/ pat-on-the-back thing that's all about how essential art is to our happiness but how endlessly seductive social media is? I can't help thinking, at times, that it is. Her character seems so obsessed with trying to use monetary value to measure things that can be monetized but are essentially priceless. "My parents paid \$100,000 so that I could do this," she says, before launching into a brilliantly executed Shakespeare monologue. She confesses to having paid a relatively large sum of money for a mantra, or as she puts it: "\$1,500 for two syllables." She seems to hate the fact that she's not more famous and happy, despite her efforts to achieve both states. But... who isn't? If such a person exists, they probably don't have a Facebook page. ■

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Beautiful Sentences Can't **Save Lesley Hazleton's Agnostic from Its Moral** and Logical Flaws

BY RICH SMITH

Tues April 5, Town Hall, 7:30 pm, \$5

love Leslev Hazleton's sentences. Their slow and steady cadences comfort me, and they reflect the extremely balanced-seeming mind that creates them. Take this one, for instance: "Blessedly unencumbered by either the need to believe or the need to explain everything, the agnostic is free to experience awe without seeking to define it-to explore and interact with the world in ways that neither the rule-bound fundamentalist nor the dogmatic atheist ever

This complex parallel syntax, the way the em dash extends her sentence just as she begins to make her argument for an extension of the mind, is truly awe-inspiring

stuff. And though the power of **Lesley Hazleton** Hazleton's rhetorical style is undeniable. I can't say the same about the substance of her argument in Agnostic: A Spirited Manifesto.

dares dream of."

Hazleton asserts her thesis in various permutations, but the basic logic is this: "God" is beyond human comprehension, therefore it's silly to wonder if "God" exists or not. How can you conceive of something you can't conceive? Agnostics understand that they can't understand—a stance Hazleton flatters as "free-spirited, thoughtful, and independentminded," as opposed to the "wishy-washy Idon't-knowness that atheists often accuse it of being.

Agnosticism's free-spiritedness allows it to embrace the joys of knowledge and the joys of mystery, wonder, awe, and all that is beyond knowledge, while acknowledging that, yes, it might also be true that nonbelievers could be on to something. (Here's your cake. You know what to do.)

Hazleton argues that to say one is a believer or a nonbeliever is to "see the world in binary terms," and that actively engaging in nonbinary thinking will allow you to more fully engage with the world.

At the risk of being tiresome... to say that there is binary thinking and that there is nonbinary thinking is an example of binary thinking. Everyone is fully capable of being selective about when to use the binary thinking and when not to. Likewise, people can offer a definitive "no" to the question of god's existence and still be capable of experiencing awe and mystery—in literature, in physics, or even in the ordinary joy of just looking around at stuff.

And the supposed encumbrance of the "need to explain everything" is just what the act of earnest engagement in mystery looks like and sounds like. Making a distinction between the interesting mysteries of the humanities and the shitty ones that religions package to dazzle and exploit their adherents is not evidence of a closed mind (or a "closed soul," as Hazleton might say). It's evidence of not wanting to waste what little time we have arguing about specious nonsense.

The relevant nonbinary thought here is

one voiced by the late Christopher Hitchens: Why would anyone desire the existence of a deity, however ineffable or benevolent, when none is necessary? Hazleton's answer is that the agnostic's version of god—the one born of a technicality, a glitch of epistemologv—has to be there because she feels it. She "delights" in "things sensed but not proven," and describes what's beyond the universe as something she "sensed might be." Such logic is frustrating because it can't be questioned. It's the because-I-say-so school of epistemological discourse. It lacks gravity.

If "god" is beyond comprehension, why should the inarticulate grunts of our body-

bound lizard brain offer us any more access to it? It's inconsistent to suggest that human feelings and sensations have any more access to the divine than the human

consciousness that conceived of divineness in the first place. The sense that we could be perceiving something is not the same thing as perceiving it, and to suggest otherwise deflates the true awe and complexity (or pure simplicity) of genuine mystery.

The most disappointing thing about Hazleton's book is that—contrary to her initial thesis—she really does sit on the fence of this argument the whole time. Earlier I mentioned Hitchens, the most gifted of the "Four Horsemen," a cheeky name for the quartet of so-called new atheists (Sam Harris, Richard Dawkins, and Daniel Dennett were the other three) who brought outspoken nonbelief to the main stage in the years following 9/11. At the beginning of *Agnostic*, Hazleton hints that she'll give those men the routing they deserve. And they do deserve one. Their voices-all male, Hazleton notes-have dominated the discussion for too long. The critique she delivers is rhetorical, but not really substantive. She basically tells them to stop being so sure of themselves, to stop thinking in binary ways. She reminds them that there are mysterious experiences in the world that are hard to explain. Okay.

On the other end of the spectrum of faith, she entreats religious fundamentalists to admit that theirs isn't the only mystery. She then points to the stars and says, "Look, the wonders of science and the cosmos are available to religious people, too!" This invitation is both condescending and unsatisfactory. Of course religious people are wowed by stars. The problem is they think a god made them.

On a certain level, an atheist sparring with an agnostic on the issue of who's more right about the wrongness of religion sounds a bit like a Bernie Bro arguing with a Hillary Clinton supporter about who's technically more anti-Trump. The distinction is thin. (And, as I mentioned earlier, Hazleton speaks and writes beautifully about religion in the seven books she's written on the subject.) But in a universe so full of dark matter, thin distinctions count. Even Satan started as an angel of light. ■

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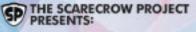
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Wim Wenders Got a Lot Right About the Future in Until the End of the World

A 295-Minute Director's Cut of the 1991 Masterpiece Will Show How Much We Care About the Past

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

Until the End of the World

(director's cut)

dir. Wim Wenders

Thurs March 31.

Northwest Film Forum

he bible of my childhood was the World Book Encyclopedia, 1976 edition. I read almost every entry in its 22 volumes. I was informed about the horrible things that happened in the past and all the wonderful things that would happen in the future. I returned again and again to the encyclopedia's space

section, which was vivid and convincing. Accompanying its words were images of commercial rockets, moon bases, and space suburbs drawn by the great Donald

E. Davis. What I saw and read was exactly how I thought I would spend much of my adulthood: walking on the moon, breaking in space, doing it on Mars.

But when I arrived in the future (about 15 vears ago), I found myself not only on Earth but sobered by the fact that my life would end where it began—in the biosphere of this planet. Then one day in this Earth-imprisoned future, I walked into an exhibit at King Street Station. It's called Giant Steps: Artist Residency on the Moon. It has 50 proposals for lunar artwork. And one of these proposals, $\,$ #48 by Brandon Aleson and Reilly Donovan, involves placing a complex of pyramids on the surface on the moon. To make this happen, the artists would require a rocket with a 60 kg cargo of 3-D printers and solar power panels. And what would the final work look like?

I placed one of Proposal #48's two wire-

suspended Oculus Gear VR headsets over my eyes and found myself in the very place I thought I would be at this moment of my adulthood: I was in a space suit flying over the moon, flying away from the pyramids, flying toward an orbiting spaceship, and looking up at the huge Earth in the moon's sky.

Now, why bring all of this up? Because I have become addicted to this virtual moon world. I could spend hours in it—hours drifting about, hours looking this way and that. The images of Proposal #48 are growing in my mind and have

even entered my dreams. And is this addiction to a virtual reality not exactly what happens near the end of Wim Wenders's 1991 sci-fi masterpiece Until the End of the World?

Indeed, the VR headsets in Giant Steps look exactly like the device that the father, Henry Farber (Max von Sydow), of the film's hero, Trevor McPhee (William Hurt), developed initially to record images for his blind wife, Edith (Jeanne Moreau).

This device is at the center of the film, which begins as a global espionage thriller that costars the moody, world-weary, and

dreamy Claire Tourneur (Solveig Dommartin, who also starred in Wenders's most famous movie, Wings of Desire). But the second part of Until the End

Take Me to the River

Where to Invade Next

takes place mostly in the Australian desert and concerns the transformation of this device, essentially a camera for the blind, into a dream recorder. It turns out that this second use has a dark side. People become addicted to watching their dreams. They become glued to their screens. In a famous scene, Claire, who can't get enough of her dreams, freaks out when the batteries for her viewer die. Any second-decade 21st-century person who has lost or been without their smartphone for even part of a day understands her suffering.

Until the End, which is set less than 10 vears ahead of its time, which is now the past. got a lot of things right about the future. It has the internet, search engines, mini-cameras, and iPad-looking devices blended with a world that, as a whole, doesn't really look that different from the year the film was made (1991) or from much of the second half of the 20th cen-

> tury. Rooms in *Until the* End are often dingy, lots of cars are old, trains are still slow, late, and bumpy, and clothes look like they have been in and out of fashion several times.

> In the encyclopedia of my childhood, everything was to change in the future. The space age would transform and improve transportation, housing, food, and clothes. But here in the actual future—meaning, the now I'm trapped in—I find I'm dressed much the same as the male characters in $Until\ the$ End (regular buttonup shirts, baggy pants,

overcoats), I live in a city that looks like the cities the characters visit, and, like Claire, I'm becoming more and more addicted to the dreams in a VR device, while my promised career as a space explorer is now hanging in King Street Station. ■

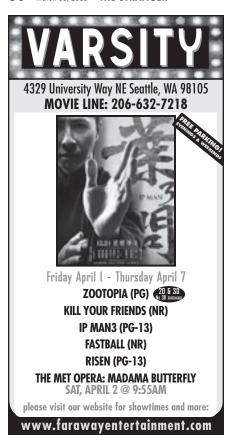




Virtual reality headset at King Street Station in 2016 and dream recording headset in Until the End of the World













REMEMBER "Weren't you that motherfucker from The Sound of Music?"

Very Old Christopher Plummer Goes After a Very Old Nazi in Remember

BY KATHY FENNESSY

fter more than a decade of more misses than hits, Canadian filmmaker Atom Egoyan returns to the character-driven intrigues of his early career. Instead of the

young protagonists of Exotica and The Sweet Hereafter, he builds the Benjamin Augustpenned Remember around two

Oscar-winning octogenarians. A perfectly cast Christopher Plummer plays Zev Guttman, a Holocaust survivor with memory loss who transforms into a hit man after the death of his wife. Encouraged by fellow survivor Max Rosenbaum (Martin Landau), a retirement home neighbor, Zev sets out to execute Otto, the Auschwitz guard who killed their families.

> The wheelchair-bound Max takes care of the details, while Zev purchases a Glock and trav-

els from New York to Nevada (by way of Ontario) to track down his prey, but it proves more difficult than expected since Otto has been living under an assumed name. During the journey, Zev's son, Charles (Henry Czerny), tries to bring him back home, while Zev has bizarre and frightening encounters with an unapologetic Bruno Ganz and an unhinged Dean Norris until he locates his

If the sort-of-surprising ending doesn't completely satisfy, this unsentimental, flashback-free affair offers resonant counterpoint to Egoyan's Ararat, in which he grappled with the genocide of his own people, the Armenians, by the Ottoman Empire. ■



Remember

dir. Atom Egoyan







Enough with Eating Entire Animals—Seattle Restaurants Are Getting Creative with Vegetables and Grains

Bone Broths, Butter Coffee, and Grain Bowls at Bounty Kitchen, Sweetgrass Food Co., and Eve

BY ANGELA GARBES

t Sweetgrass Food Co., a quick-service downtown restaurant that opened last fall, you can order amaranth grits with fennel and kale for a sit-down breakfast, or just grab

some chia-seed pudding and be on your way. If you need caffeine, you might order a matcha latte, made with green tea, or perhaps you'd like to try the Sweetgrass coffee, drip coffee blended with organic grass-fed butter and coconut oil.

Juicebox, a proudly organic juice shop and cafe on Capitol Hill that's been open for just over two years, also serves a version of butter coffee, this one made with espresso, Irish butter, and something called "brain octane MCT oil." According to the woman behind the counter, the coconut-oil derived MCT oil $(MCT\ stands\ for\ medium\ chain\ triglycerides)$ allegedly boosts energy and brain function.

Seattle has long had its share of healthy food spots that introduced diners to wheatgrass shots, tofu scrambles, and vegan gravy—places like Gravity Bar, Globe Cafe, Still Life Cafe, and Green Cat Cafe. But those restaurants are gone now. (Thankfully, Roosevelt's Sunlight Cafe, the city's longestrunning vegetarian and vegan restaurant, lives on, serving sesame crunch waffles, homemade granola, tempeh tacos, nut burgers, and salads doused with lemon-tahini dressing as it has since 1976.)

Today, Seattle is experiencing a resurgence of healthy eating, one that's marked by contemporary marketing flourishes like brain-enhancing oils and detoxifying juices. But last year's openings of Sweetgrass Food Co., Queen Anne's Bounty Kitchen, and Fremont's Eve, as well as the more recent debuts of downtown's Anar and Ballard's Stock, also signal a shift toward a more traditional, conscientious way of eating. Menus are composed of dishes dominated by vegetables, whole grains, and fruit—all of the ingredients organically and locally sourced whenever possible.

Sara Dickerman, Seattle-based food writer and author of the recently published cookbook Bon Appétit: The Food Lover's Cleanse, believes the current trend is as much a new movement as it is a reaction to a dining trend that defined the last decade.

"So much of our focus now is on dining out. For a while, the feeling was like, 'If you're not eating all the pig, all the time, you're not really eating," Dickerman says. "So if you're eating a larger and larger portion of your meals out at restaurants, it can't always be plates of rillons with rillettes, with a little bit of lardo on the side."

In moving away from such meat-centric fare, chefs and home cooks like Dickerman have discovered the delight of cooking more vegetables and whole grains. They're crafting dishes that, according to Dickerman, are "scrumptious, textured, and lavered."

Those are definitely words I'd use to describe the Havana Libre bowl (\$13) at **Bounty** Kitchen. A cluster of black beans and forbidden black rice-earthy and nutty, dark as midnight on a moonless night—were the perfect counterpoint to pepperv arugula that had been tossed with a bright, sunny citrus dressing. (The dressing, creamy and rich, is made with cashews instead of dairy.) The dish had even more dimensions of flavors, including

brussels sprouts, red grapes, avocado, and pumpkin seeds all add notes of sweetness (and contrasting texture), while shredded, chili-rubbed chicken breast and cayenne-infused dressing, again both creamy and dairy free, added plenty of spice and heat.

The brown rice pottage (\$8.50) at Sweetgrass Food Co. is similarly gratifying: a porridge of long-simmered brown rice topped with meaty shiitakes, purple adzuki beans, and a soft-boiled egg. I ordered the pottage, which is served all day from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., as a late-afternoon lunch, which may explain why it lacked much broth and was rib-stickingly dense. Yet it was still quite good, rescued by its many fresh elements: shaved fennel, sprigs of cilantro, chopped scallions, paper-thin slices of raw, piquant



EVE Not just big bowls of raw ingredients.

a hash of diced sweet potatoes warmed with cumin and oregano, as well as fresh cilantro and buttery mashed avocado.

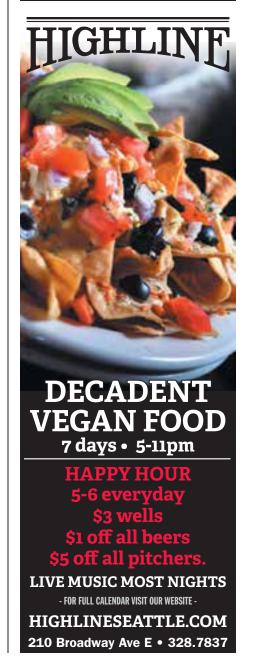
The Spicy Southern Not-Fried Chicken Salad (\$15) is an incredibly generous salad that could easily feed two people. The greens—a combination of soft red-leaf lettuce, spicy arugula, and hardy kale—are given an extra herbaceous boost from celery leaves, parsley, and bitter radicchio. Roasted ginger, and, best of all, sweet-and-tart pickled red chilies.

On both occasions that I sat in Sweetgrass's airy, light-filled dining area, I watched most of its office-dwelling customers take their smoothies and Buddha Bowls to go. With customers in and out in less than five minutes, the restaurant's appeal became clear. It was something Dickerman echoed when we met over a bowl of Juicebox's ▶













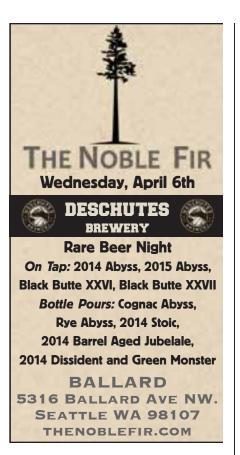


to lounge area and kitchenette including refrigerator, microwave and dishwasher, phone booths and free long distance calls, complimentary coffee, tea and beer cart Thursdays. host guests for free for up to two hours per month, member social events and networking opportunities, and weekday access to showers, gym and bike storage.

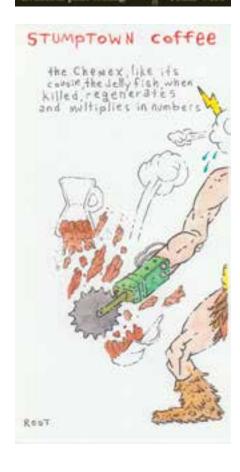
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◄ coconut-milk yogurt parfait.

"In a more casual environment—for everyday meals when just sustaining yourself—why not sustain yourself in a lovely way that's more flavorsome than the Whole Foods deli aisle?" she mused.

While Sweetgrass and Bounty Kitchen are decidedly casual daytime spots, Fremont's **Eve** is something different: a full-service restaurant suitable for a special-occasion meal, complete with knowledgeable service, a biodynamic wine list, and a kitchen that's willing to take some creative risks. Eve's menu has a considerably higher amount of proteins and fat but those ingredients—goat butter, bison, chickens from esteemed Mad Hatcher Poultry in Ephrata—are very much in line with the restaurant's vision of "kind food [that] supports the farmer, the earth, and your body.'

Chef Jason McCollum isn't just assembling big bowls of raw ingredients here. He's working to transform lean rabbit meat into rich terrines, making elderberry mustard, and roasting chicken bones to simmer in broth for days.

Your body will feel deeply warmed and nourished—and your taste buds awoken by a steaming cup of bone broth (\$6) made from roasted chicken bones, coconut, and orange zest. It's simultaneously bright, milky, and musky-and so rich with collagen that if you let it cool for a few moments, it settles into a thick, almost gelatinous mixture before your eyes.

Chicken fried barley (\$18), a play on chicken fried rice, is an intriguing, if imperfect, dish. Overall, the plate of stir-fried barley, chicken, green beans, and carrot was a little bland. It begged for a sauce, something more substantial than the silky volk of the poached egg that it's topped with. But

The restaurant's signature dish is ostensibly virtuous, but decadence is its defining characteristic.

it's also imbued with a dark, smoky flavorthe distinct breathy char that comes from the high heat of a well-seasoned and deftly handled wok—that keeps you coming back to the dish, despite its flaws.

The restaurant's signature dish, the Eve hot bowl (\$14/\$16 with a poached egg) is ostensibly virtuous: Ancient and whole grains such as barley, freekeh, and wild rice are mixed with brussels sprouts, radishes, beets, and blistered carrots, and then topped with crunchy pumpkin seeds, crushed almonds, and pecans. But after the first few bites, you realize that everything is coated in rich clarified butter, and that the vessel you're eating from is both very wide and very deep. Yes, the dish is healthy, but in truth, decadence is its defining characteristic.

Eve's hot bowl reminded me again of something Dickerman said. "If you're trying to lose or maintain weight, you have to be careful about portions," she said. "Just because you're in a health-focused restaurant, you still have to look with a slightly cynical eye."

Dickerman has worked as both restaurant cook and restaurant critic, and she still dines out often. But with The Food Lover's Cleanse, she's insisting on the role that home cooking can also play in a more healthy diet

"I actually don't believe in a cleanse, per se. But I can make a commitment to myself to cook more vegetables and more whole grains, and be a little less focused on big meaty portions. You'll make better choices if you take some of that into your own hands." ■

FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of March 30

ARIES (March 21-April 19): According to my astrological analysis you would benefit profoundly from taking a ride in a jet fighter plane 70,000 feet above the earth. In fact, I think you really need to experience weightlessness as you soar faster than the speed of sound. Luckily, there's an organization, MiGFlug (migflug.com), that can provide you with this healing thrill. (I just hope you can afford the \$18,000 price tag.) APRIL FOOL! I do in fact think you should treat ourself to unprecedented thrills and transcendent adventures. But I bet you can accomplish that without being guite so extravagant.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): "People only get really interesting when they start to rattle the bars of their cages," says philosopher Alain de Botton. If that's true, Taurus, you must be on the verge of becoming very interesting. Metaphorically speaking, you're not just becoming very interesting. Metaphorically speaking, you're not just rattling the bars of your cage. You're also smacking your tin cup against the bars and trying to saw through them with your plastic knife. APRIL FOOL! I lied. You're not literally in a prison cell. And I got a bit carried away with the metaphor. But you are getting close to breaking free of at least some of your mind-forged manacles. And it's making you more attractive and intriguing.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): If I had to decide what natural phenom enon you most closely resemble right now, I'd consider comparing you to a warm, restless breeze or a busily playful dolphin. But my first choice would be the mushrooms known as Schizophyllum con They're highly adaptable: able to go dormant when the weather's dry and spring to life when rain comes. They really get around, too, making their homes on every continent except Antarctica. But the main reason I'd link you with them is that they come in over 28,000 different sexes. APRIL FOOL! I exaggerated a bit. It's true that these days you're polymorphous and multifaceted and well-rounded. But you're probably not capable of expressing 28,000 varieties of anything

CANCER (June 21-July 22): "Whatever it is you're seeking won't come in the form you're expecting," warns Japanese novelist Haruki Murakami. If that's true, why bother? Why expend all your precious yearning if the net result won't even satisfy your yearning?! That's why I advise you to ABANDON YOUR BELOVED PLANS! Save your energy for trivial wishes. That way you won't be disappointed when they are fulfilled in unanticipated ways. APRIL FOOL! I was messing with you. It's true that what you want won't arrive in the form you're expecting. But I bet the result will be even better than what you expected.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): You're due to make a pilgrimage, aren't you? the gift being 22. Four leads of linke a pinglining, a feet your the gift being to shave your head, sell your possessions, and head out on a long trek to a holy place where you can get back in touch with what the hell you're doing here on this planet. APRIL FOOL! I was kidding about the head-shaving and possessions-dumping. On the other hand, there might be value in embarking on a less melodramatic pilgrimage. I think you're ready to seek radical bliss and get back in touch with what the hell you're

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): Are you ready to fight the mo Do you have the courage and strength and stamina and guile to overcome the ugly beast that's blocking the path to the treasure? If not, turn around and head back to your comfort zone until you're better prepared. APRIL FOOL! I lied. There is a monster, but it's not the literal embodiment of a beastly adversary. Rather, it's inside you. It's an unripe part of yourself that needs to be taught and tamed and cared for. Until you develop a better relationship with it, it will just keep testing you.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Your advice for the near future comes from poet Stephen Dunn. "If the Devil sits down," he says, "offer companionship, tell her you've always admired her magnificent, false moves." I think that's an excellent plan, Libra! Maybe you'll even be lucky enough to make the acquaintance of many different devils with a wide variety of magnificent, false moves. APRIL FOOL! I lied. In fact, I think you should avoid contact with all devils, no matter how enticing they might be. Now is a key time to surround yourself with positive influences.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): In 1841, a British medical journal prescribed the following remedy for the common cold: "Nail a hat on the wall near the foot of your bed, then retire to that bed, and drink spirits until you see two hats." My expert astrological analysis reveals that this treatment is likely to cure not just the sniffles, but also any other discomforts you're suffering from, whether physical or emotional or spiritual. So I hope you own a hat, hammer, and nails. APRIL FOOL! I lied. The method I suggested probably won't help alleviate what ails you. But here's a strategy that might: Get rid of anything that's superfluous, rotten, outdated, or burdensome.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): To begin your oracle, I'll borrow for the next 20,000 days, and out of that love, remake a world." I have reason to believe that this optimistic projection has a good chance of coming true for you. Imagine it, daily swoons of delight and rapture from now until the year 2071. APRIL FOOL! I lied, sort of. It would be foolish to predict that you'll be giddy with amorous feelings nonstop for the next 54 years and 10 months. On the other hand, I don't think it's unrealistic for you to expect a lot of that sweet stuff over the course of the next three weeks.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): "I am tired of being brave," groaned Anne Sexton in one of her poems. "I'm sick of following my dreams," moaned comedian Mitch Hedberg, adding, "I'm just going to ask my dreams where they're going and hook up with them later." In my opinion, Capricorn, you have every right to unleash grumbles similar to Hedberg's and Sexton's. APRIL FOOL! The advice I just gave you is only half-correct. It's true that you need and deserve a respite from your earnest struggles. Now is indeed a good time to take a break so you can recharge your spiritual batteries. But don't you dare feel

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): In 1991, hikers in the Italian Alps discovered the well-preserved corpse of a Bronze Age hunter. Buried in the frigid terrain, the man who came to be known as Ötzi the Iceman had been there for 5,000 years. Soon the museum that claimed his body began receiving inquiries from women who wanted to be impregnated with Ötzi's sperm. I think this is an apt metaphor for you, Aquarius. Consider the possibility that you might benefit from being fertilized by an influence from long ago. APRIL FOOL! I was just be guided by a vulgar metaphor related to Ötzi's spe

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): Caligula was an eccentric Roman em peror who had a physical resemblance to a goat. He was sensitive peror who had a physical resemblance to a goat. He was sensitive about it. That's why he made it illegal for anyone to refer to goats in his company. I mention this, Pisces, because I'd like to propose a list of words you should forbid to be used in your presence during the coming weeks: "money," "cash," "finances," "loot," "savings," or "investments." Why? Because I'm afraid it would be distracting, even confusing or embarrassing, for you to think about these sore subjects right now. APRIL FOOL! I lied. The truth is, now is a perfect time for you to be focused on getting richer quicker. \blacksquare



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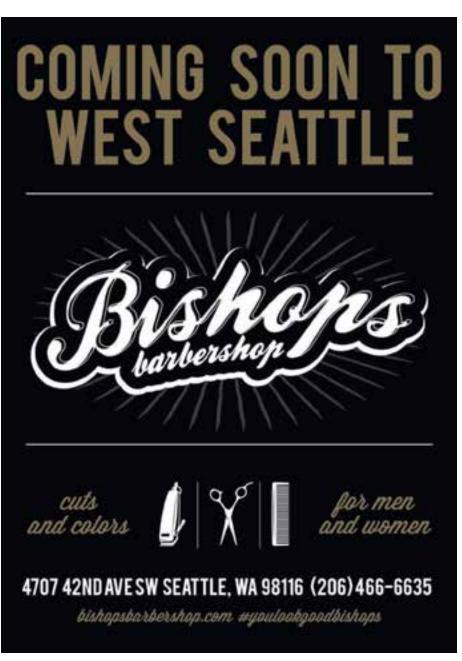
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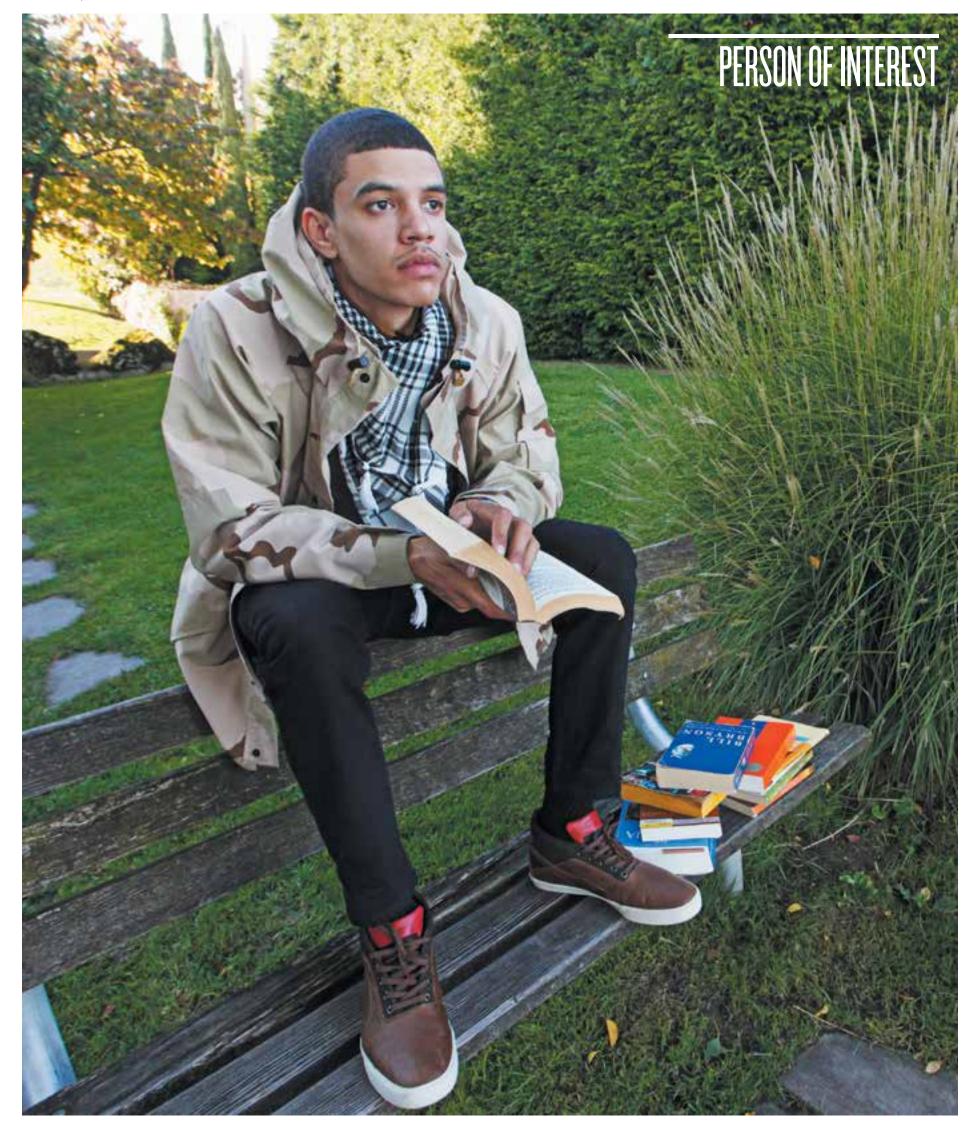












Porter Ray

Seattle MC, Book Lover

Porter Ray, photographed at the edge of Lake Washington. TEXT AND PHOTO BY KELLY O

The 28-year-old Central District native signed to Sub Pop Records in 2014, after his first three self-released albums—BLK GLD, WHT GLD, and RSE GLD—caught the ear of Ishmael

Butler, founder of Shabazz Palaces and member of Sub Pop's A&R team. Ray's newest release, Nightfall, includes a song called "Outside Looking In," a track about the Central District that features Ca\$htro and JusMoni.

"It's the most vulnerable track on the album," says Ray. "Which makes it my favorite."

Ray's mother, Debra Ren-Etta Sullivan, is an author. Her new book, Cultivating the Genius of Black Children, is being published this week by Redleaf Press. The book jacket features a photograph of Ray's son—a fitting multigenerational legacy for a book-loving family.

Ray's favorite reads include several familiar titles: "My

all-time bests are The Autobiography of Malcolm X as told to Alex Haley, *The Prince* by Machiavelli, *The Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran, and The Alchemist by Paulo Coelho," he says. "But my most valuable book is a journal my mother kept for me when I was a child. When I was young, she would write to me in the journal every day. It's one of my most cherished possessions."

Porter Ray will perform March 30 at Nectar, April 1 at Barboza, May 22 at Crocodile, and in July at the Capitol Hill Block Party. Listen to Nightfall at porterray.bandcamp.com.



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